



**SAYS  
THE EDITOR**

#### COUNCIL SITS ALONE FOR THREE QUIET DAYS

Carmel's city council met Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday morning of this week as a board of equalization, and followed each session with a call to arms as a city council. But nothing has happened at either of the daily sessions. There just doesn't seem to be anybody interested in taxes, or anybody finding any fault with his assessment. As far as council meetings are concerned, nobody attends them anyway.

#### SOMETHING CERTAINLY MUST BE DONE ABOUT KEEPING THE STREETS CLEAN

This is what might be called an editorial follow-up.

Last week we called attention to the fact that despite their promise to do otherwise, the business people of Carmel had done nothing toward helping to keep the business streets clean.

Monday morning of this week the editor of THE CYMBAL walked up to the post office. He found the gutter along the south side of the street on Ocean avenue an elongated mass of debris. At one point he found a pile of refuse which indicated that it had been swept neatly from in front of the premises of one place of business to the front of another. The nosey editor asked about this and the manager of the guilty concern admitted one of his men had done it. He graciously consented to have the pile scooped up. In front of another place we found a clerk sweeping the doorway and sidewalk in front of his place into the gutter. We mildly asked if he didn't have a scoop to gather the stuff and put it in a trash can. He consented to do this.

We weren't any emissary before the council with promises of the merchants that they would help keep the streets clean, but we have a feeling we might be able to accomplish something along this line, and single-handed.

And we have no patience with the merchant who throws back at us: "Why the hell doesn't the city do it?" We have only the answer of the city that it hasn't the money to do it. There are comments to be made about that and we have made them. But that doesn't keep the streets clean and keeping the streets clean is what we want. If the city can't or won't do it, then some other method should be found. And for his own self-respect, to say nothing of commercial benefit, every merchant should do what he can along this line.

Especially should he be in view of the tearful promise of Mr. Cockburn.

#### COUNCIL ACTION KILLING LIMITED PARKING HAS CAUSED MUCH TROUBLE

The complaints against the sudden termination of parking-limit regulations in the business district and the resulting distress have come in to THE CYMBAL in ever-increasing numbers for the past two weeks.

There is much justice in condemnations of the council for its precipitate action. We have agreed with the council and still do that enforcement of the time-limit parking law was made almost impossible because a few merchants persistent-

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# CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. XI • No. 7

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • AUGUST 18, 1939

FIVE CENTS

## COAST FIRE IS OUT OF CONTROL

### Burns from Palo Colorado to Little Sur

#### Ben Phillips' Model of Carmel Mission Off to the Fair



Ben Phillips and his model of Carmel Mission left Carmel Wednesday morning—in a glass case. No, that doesn't make sense. The Mission model was in the glass case and Ben sat with Bill Askew, street superintendent, on the driver's seat

of the truck. They started at 4 o'clock in the morning so as to have pretty much of a clear road to San Francisco and Treasure Island where the model has been placed in the Mission Trails building. It took Ben two years to make the

model and he used the same building material of which the Mission is made. It is a perfect job, true in every smallest detail. The picture we print here is a Smith-Edsen photo.

#### LYNDA SARGENT TELLS GRAPHIC STORY OF FIGHT TO SAVE THE FORESTS

By LYNDA SARGENT

Joe Calendra hasn't been heard from yet. The last thing anybody knew, he was standing at bay before a beast he couldn't seem to get in hand, a great tower of amber and cream smoke somewhere at the foot of Mesal Ridge. Stripped of everything but tatters of pants, his body seared by great red patches, his hair singed, the beast of flame danced about him and all he could do was hack at the bushes, and hack and hack. And that was what he was doing when he was last seen. John Murray, Jr., who was doing the same thing, got out somehow and is now in a serious condition at the Community Hospital. They don't think Joe got out at all.

O. O. Woodfin and George Smith, out hunting in the shadow of Bigby Mountain Wednesday morning, discovered the fire that is now sweeping the whole south coast between Palo Colorado Canyon and Pico Blanco. At this writing the fire has crossed the Little Sur River and is headed for Mt. Manuel, where there is no conceivable chance of stopping it from sweeping the entire Santa Barbara National Forest. Even a cessation of the 56-mile gale that gave it its first impetus on Wednesday and is, on Thursday afternoon, rising again after a night's nap, isn't going to be much good. I went in to see it and there isn't a drop of water nearer than the ocean and every leaf and twig gray with dust. There are 700 men in there today. They are being flown to the Monterey airport and sent down in trucks to Bixby Creek and on up past the Hoag Place. When they detain they have to fight their way through greasewood and chaparral, against

(Continued on Page Four)

#### P. O. Investigation Here Assured

The group which is endeavoring to get the postal authorities to investigate the Carmel post office and determine just what can be done toward raising the efficiency of the service rendered, has been receiving assurance of cooperation, both from Washington and San Francisco.

An investigation is promised by Congressman Jack Anderson in a telegram received the past week in Carmel, and from Washington, also, has come assurance from W. W. Howes, first assistant postmaster general, that an investigation will be made. Similar assurance has come by letter from C. W. Pfaffenberger, inspector in charge of the San Francisco postal district, in which Carmel is located.

#### COUNCIL MEETS WEDNESDAY ON ASSESSMENT RAISES

Two home owners in Carmel have been notified that next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock the city council will meet as a board of equalization to discuss increasing their assessments. Following the equalization meeting the council will adjourn until the next regular meeting date, September 6, at 7:45 p.m. This date has also been set for the hearing on the application of Joey Perry for license to operate a woodyard on San Carlos street, south of Seventh.

#### New Era Begins in Carmel School Life With Opening of Junior High School At Sunset Monday, August 28

School planning begins early this year for Sunset pupils who will enter the new Carmel Junior High school. The school library will be open each afternoon next week, Monday to Friday, August 21-25, for the registration of students in the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.

School will open Monday, August 28. Registrations will also be made at that time, but junior high school pupils are urged to register during the special registration week in every case where this is possible, in order to have their programs ready before the opening days of school.

The school program for the upper-grade students will be different in many ways from the type of program to which the children have been accustomed. Each child will have more teachers, since there is a special teacher for each subject; he will change rooms more often; and he will have a choice of elective subjects to make. Registration week will provide time for individual conferences with students, to advise them, and to inform them as to the new routine and procedures. O. W. Barderson and Mrs. Helen Wood will be at the school during this time for counseling.

For the convenience of junior high school students who wish to

talk over their programs with their parents before coming to register, the following school schedule is given:

Seventh Grade. The following is the basic course for which all seventh graders are registered: a double period of social living and English; a daily 20-minute period of music, followed by library study; a daily period combining science and mathematics, and a daily 40-minute period in healthful living activities. There will be one elective period for this grade, and pupils are asked to choose shop, cooking, or art during this period.

Eighth Grade. The basic course for the eighth grade includes the double period in social living and English, the combined math and science course, and the healthful living period. This grade has two elective periods. For the first period, students may choose between art-drama, shop, cooking, and individual study. During the second elective period they may choose one of the following: typing, journalism, or music.

Ninth Grade. In this grade pupils are registered for a double period in social living and English, and a period of healthful living. During each of three morning periods, they are to make a choice from the following listing. The

subjects chosen are to include one period of science, one period of math or language, and one period of typing, music, art, or shop. First period offerings: Latin, music, science, or typing. Second period: typing, Spanish, or science. Third period: General math and junior business, algebra, art, or shop.

J. W. Getsinger, principal of the Carmel Adult school, is completing summer school work at Stanford University, and will soon be on hand in Carmel to complete the plans of the Adult school program. Getsinger intends to expand the Adult school program this coming year. A complete announcement of the program will be made in the very near future.



ly refused to assist by keeping their own cars off the uptown streets, particularly Ocean avenue and Dolores street.

But if we have in our editorial comments made it seem that all the merchants have been against the law and have tried to prevent its enforcement, we wish to correct this misconception. There is a large number of the merchants, the very large majority, in fact, who have wanted the time-limit parking enforced and have done what they could to help in that enforcement. The action of the council, capitulating to the little group of irrecconcilables, was not becoming in a democratically elected legislative body. It is certain that the law, facing the opposition of some who could and did make it difficult, was not completely enforceable. But it was partly enforceable, and under the law, with the curb signs standing and designating time limits, there was a large number of cars always on the move. It was much easier, even without the strict enforcement, to find parking place on Ocean avenue and Dolores street, than it is now with no limit but the blue sky. Many visitors in town, those who believe in obeying laws, were obeying this one and moving their cars. There was a number of Carmel residents and merchants who were doing so.

We can't see that the city council accomplished anything but discomfort for motorists and shoppers. There is no good and sufficient reason for doing so, especially when there remained only about four weeks of the summer vacation period.

It looks, as though the council, influenced by its police commissioner, decided to get mad and not play any more. Rather childish, to say nothing of the unpleasant results. One of these results is the expression of wonder on streets about the I.Q. on the council.

But there is little that can be done about it now. The summer is just about over. This thing should be the first order of business for the council when the calmer period of the winter has settled upon us. There should certainly be some action taken that will assure a sensible time-limit parking plan for next summer, and a determined plan for enforcing it.

—W. K. B.

#### BADMINTON ENTHUSIASTS SIGN FOR TOURNAMENT

All those badminton enthusiasts who signed up for the tournament at the Mission Ranch Club last Sunday threw their numbers into the hat for the mixed doubles. There are now just about 15 teams. The preliminary matches were in play Wednesday afternoon. The playing schedule is more or less elastic in order to conform to the convenience of the players, many of whom are in business. But tournament play will be in progress for the next two weeks, either in the afternoon or evening. The prizes, by the way, are worth striving for. They are badminton racquets, four of 'em, and pretty swell.

Guns and ammunition are waiting at the club for incipient trapshooters. The range is down behind the swimming pool, and everything is in working order, just in case you might like to know.

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Mono County reports that the streams are low and clear and that fishing is good, according to the outing department of the National Automobile Club. The water in the lakes in that area is becoming low and warmer with fishing reported fair to good.

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The Cymbal is One Dollar a Year.

## Eastern Columnist Gives Almost Whole Page to Carmel, and Pays Us What Might Be Called "Eating Tribute"

The following column, under the rather incongruous heading, "Madison Day by Day," and written by Betty Cass in the Madison State Journal, has a lot of nice things to say about Carmel with only a few lesser errors of fact:

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CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.: I wish there were two other words for "quaint" and "charming" because this town is both of them and yet it is so quaint and charming that it deserves newer, fresher, less threadbare adjectives.

Every building in the place . . . homes, stores, churches, studios, and public buildings . . . are all tucked in under the tall luxuriant pines and low, twisted Cedars of Lebanon so snugly that I'd never suspected there was a town here if my hostess hadn't warned me.

The town was established by artists who wanted a retreat from civilization, you know, and, although other people have moved in and people come from far and wide to see the place, necessitating some degree of modernity to care for them, the artists have fought valiantly and with success to keep the place as they want it.

There are no streets, as we know streets, although the modern element finally did get the central thoroughfare oiled and sidewalks put along the sides. The other "streets" are pine-needled covered lanes which wind willy-nilly over the low hills and are dutifully tagged "Second ave." (modern element victory) on queer little signposts shaped like sea gulls or ocean waves set alongside a Cedar of Lebanon (artistic note).

In no other part of town save the main street are there sidewalks at all. Recently when the city fathers set their jaws and announced that there would be sidewalks, the artists (unlike August Derleth of Sauk City who battled the City Fathers of his town to compel them to put in a sidewalk) gathered in force at the council meeting and by dint of artistic arguments which quietly asphyxiated the Fathers, won their point: There are no sidewalks in Carmel . . . only spicy brown needle-covered paths looping from gate to gate.

The houses are tiny brown shingled cabins with brown rail fences, and morning glories and nasturtiums climbing over the roofs, or they're small white clapboard cottages with picket fences around a doll-like garden, or they're minute rough stucco places with real thatched roofs. And the stores are the same, for the most part, with thatched roofs, casement windows, leaded with x-shaped panes like those in Hansel and Gretel pictures, opening out upon the street, and with Dutch doors, divided half-way up, leading into them.

Down one narrow lane is a Puppet theater (with plays every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons and nights), of wide rough brown clapboard with blue hinges four feet long on its doors. Down another is a tiny place labeled "Jane's Bake Shop" where Jane, with a delightful Scotch burr as sturdy as the highlands, served us hot buttered scones and English tea. And there are inches of fragrant brown needles from the trees on the low roofs of the public buildings.

Even the Christian Science church has relaxed from the formal, stereotyped style of architecture it always affects and is a low, rambling L-shaped shingle building, with

bright flowers and a brown rail fence around it.

The place is filled with artists . . . as I said . . . and they do things for each other: A sculptor has modeled an adorable kitten doorstep for his friend the shop-keeper, and a wood-carver has whittled a coach-and-four, with Cinderella peeking from the window, for "The Cinderella Dress Shop."

And there's such a feeling of friendship through all the town. On the window of a tiny gift shop today, for instance, there is a small sign, hand-lettered, which says: "It's a girl. 7 1/4 pounds." So many people had stopped in to inquire about the expected child of the proprietors that it was the only way they could get any work done.

Down by the sea, two blocks from the main thoroughfare, the sea is so blue, the sand is so white, and the cedars, growing on top the low white cliffs around the little bay, like the twisted, dwarfed trees in Japanese prints, are so dark that I don't believe it's real. It's something else the artists have done, I'm sure.

Marion Choinaka, Teto Mason, Henry McCormick, Stevens Gould, Robert Neal, the girls at the Farm Kitchen, and some of my other "eating pals" take note:

Today we went, according to the directions in Duncan Hines' "Adventures in Good Eating," to the "extreme end of Dolores st.," over a pebbled, pine-needled hilltop to "Mission Ranch club" where, Mr. Hines wrote, "Mrs. McKnight's food is famous . . . especially her Ranch breakfasts of cakes 'n' sausages 'n' trimmings."

"Is Mrs. McKnight in?" I asked of the young woman who answered the door of what appeared to be a somewhat shabby private home. That and nothing more.

"Did you want to see Mrs. McKnight personally?" she asked politely, "or did you . . ."

"Why, I just wondered if we could have breakfast here," I answered, "I read in Duncan Hines' book . . ."

"I thought you looked like a Duncan Hines person!" she exclaimed in a self-satisfied tone. "I said so to myself when you come up the walk!"

"Why!" I said, my jaw sagging and taking a quick inventory of what's left of my figure after adding 10 pounds since I left Madison, "how could you tell that? What's different about a Duncan Hines person . . . is it that we look so well fed?"

"Oh no, it isn't that!" she answered, perfectly seriously. "It's just an air you have about you . . . and a certain glint in your eyes!"

But the hot, buttermilk-cakes (with sausage 'n' trimmings) which she fed us 15 minutes later would have won her full pardon for much worse than even her implied comment.

I wish I could describe those cakes. They were so light and tender I don't see how she lifted them off the griddle without tearing them to pieces, and yet they were moist and full of a flavor which no hot-cake I've ever met before even approached.

I ate eight of them . . . and knew why it didn't make any difference that the house was plain and the paint faded, and that there wasn't a sign anywhere to advertise the fact that there lived within a master cook. It is just another case of making a better mousetrap than anyone else in the world.

## DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

"He came, he saw, he conquered," might be the best way to describe the visit of Rastus Keel. The little coal-black Cocker came to the village for a visit, looked the place over, and returned to his San Mateo home leaving behind a string of broken hearts a yard long. (He had a trick of rolling his big black eyes that certainly worked havoc with the girls.)

Rastus is a real Personality Pup for wherever he goes he is soon surrounded by a group of admirers.

He comes from a distinguished old family and his father and mother were both champions.

Rastus was accompanied on his visit by his owner, Mrs. Jessie Keel.

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The smart wire-haired terrier set is agog over that gay young blade, Mickey van Eck, who came all the way from London to spend the summer in Carmel. This worldly young fellow came over on the S.S. Nieuw Amsterdam in April and lived in Greenwich, Conn., until the first of July when he came to California with his master, Bart René van Eck, who has taken Dr. Brennan's house on Scenic Drive for a month.

Mickey is enchanted with the beach and says it is worth coming all the way from London just to swim in Carmel Bay.

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Doodle-Bug Walton is as pleased as Punch these days because the picture of him taken by Miss Harriet Coombs is going all over California as a prize photograph of the Camera Club. (It is a very handsome likeness and is sure to cause a flutter among the girls.)

By the way, if you should happen to see pink-bowed Miskan Fraser sporting an attractive hand-knitted turtle neck sweater some chilly day, it is a present from Doodle-Bug, her best beau, who presented it to her as a token of his esteem and affection. It was knitted by his mistress, Miss Audrey Walton.

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Fritzie Fisher celebrated her first birthday last week with a charming party at Forest Lodge. Her guest of honor was Topper Wright, of Webster Grove, Nevada.

Fritzie's mistress, Mrs. John Fisher, presented her with a beautiful birthday cake, but Fritzie was given

a piece the size of a pea while Topper gobbled up the rest of the cake, candle and all. She said anyone would have thought it was his birthday instead of hers.

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Local girl makes good—again! Marta Da Miano attended the Malibu Beach Kennel Club show and carried off another cup and a handful of ribbons, to the great delight of her master, Andre Da Miano. This is the glamorous Marta's third show and already she has enough trophies to fill a case. She certainly is one girl who has plenty of "comph."

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## O'Shea Re-Named Art Association President

By the unanimous vote of the board, the Carmel Art Association re-elected John O'Shea as president in the general annual meeting held last Monday morning at the art gallery. Paul Whitman is vice-president; Myron Oliver, second vice-president; Nora Grabill, secretary, and By Ford, treasurer.

There are four new members on the board—William Watts, Noel Sullivan, Henry F. Dickinson and Adolph Hanke. The other members are Armin Hansen, Paul Dougherty, Burton Boundey, William Ritachel, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Dr. Margaret Levick, Abbie Lou Williams and Mrs. F. A. Ingalls.

The election of officers constituted the main business of the day. There were the usual business reports, of course, and about 50 members were present.

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## "House Guests" Opens Thursday For 2 Nights

"House Guests," three-act comedy-drama directed by David Eldridge, will open at the Mission Ranch Club Theatre next Thursday, August 24, and will play for two nights only. Eldridge, who seems to have a faculty for making other people work for him, has been rehearsing his poor cast night after night, afternoon after afternoon. (Well, he did let them have one night off to see "Tobacco Road.") But the funny part of it is, they seem to like it. The tickets seem to be going with satisfactory swiftness, also. They are selling only the number of tickets that the house will accommodate on both nights, so when they are gone, they are gone, and there'll be nothing you can do about it. Spud Gray has them, the San Carlos Hotel has them, Margaret Lial has them, the Club has them, and practically every pal that David can commandeer received her instructions (including your over-worked reporter), along with a handful of tickets.

About the cast: You all know John Eaton, of course, and that he has had experience with the professional group of the Cornish School in Seattle. Then Ara Haswell, who knows her theater and gets the ultimate out of a swell part—and why not? She's the niece of George Fawcett and Percy Haswell, has played on Broadway herself and recently has been doing movie stuff down in Hollywood.

Emily Harrold was introduced first to Carmel audiences in Katherine Brocklebank's play, "Love Apples," at the Filmarte last fall. Before her marriage to Captain T. L. Harrold of the Presidio of Monterey she was billed on the New York stage as Emily Draper. She is a beautiful and talented actress.

Bert Spencer, besides being the benevolent host who greets you at the San Carlos Hotel where he is assistant manager, has a solid background of stage experience behind him both in stock and on Broadway.

Lucille Cottrell and Don McFadden are having their first taste of theatricals. All Don has to do is stumble across the stage once, but he does it so marvelously you'll never forget him. I think even David is beginning to realize that he made a mistake in not giving Don a fatter part.

Dewey Clough used to work under Ted Kuster in Theater of The Golden Bough productions. Dick Merrill had little theater experience before coming to the Peninsula and played the lead in "Ceiling Zero," if there was a lead to that play. Anyway, he spoke more lines than anyone else. Clifton White, a colored boy here in Carmel, is one of the most enthusiastic of David's company, and Irene McDonald, sister of Doris Crossman, recently come here to live from Idaho, would be a find for any director, and we mean that. So . . . that's "House Guests," or what we know of it.

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Lassen County's annual livestock show and rodeo will be presented at Susanville August 24 to 27, reports the California State Automobile Association. Rodeo events, horse races, and prize livestock exhibits will feature a program promising a variety of interest and entertainment.

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You can send The Cymbal every week to friends or relatives in foreign countries for Two Dollars a Year.

## "The Puritan," Banned in New York City, At Filmarte Sunday: "Human Bondage," Bette Davis-Leslie Howard, Now On



BETTE DAVIS and LESLIE HOWARD now at The Filmarte in "Of Human Bondage"

Liam O'Flaherty's "The Puritan," which opens for a three-day run at the Filmarte Sunday, August 20, was banned by the moving picture board of censors in New York City. In this case, instead of protecting the seven million inhabitants of America's biggest town, it merely cheated them out of seeing something of rare beauty. But the banning by this group did not pass without protest. Even the Nation let its voice rise, saying "The decision against 'The Puritan' is a hypocritical act against which the whole industry should protest and against which audiences should demonstrate by patronizing the film wherever it can be shown."

O'Flaherty's film tells the story of one Francis Ferriter, Irish fanatic of the Vigilance League, whose object is the chastening of immoral books, thoughts and people. In a quite premeditated fashion, he snuffs out the life of a loose young lady with the thought that he is doing good by erasing evil. Jean Louis Barrault and Pierre Fresnay head the brilliant French cast which was, in the main, directed by Liam O'Flaherty himself.

The gay, romantic, musical film, "Invitation to the Waltz," which stars the lovely Lillian Harvey and handsome Carl Esmond, is a fantasy about a little girl, Jenny Peachy, who was the bad girl of the dancing class. During the big moment of the dance recital Jenny can't resist the temptation to "clown," and she appears on the

stage in black-face against a background of lovely, white and frilly ballet dancers.

This leads to her discovery as a dancer with originality and personality and she is promptly swished to fame.

"Invitation to the Waltz" plays at the Filmarte Wednesday and Thursday, August 23 and 24. On the same program is the March of Time entitled "State of the Nation" which is a complete summary of this country's financial affairs.

That powerful and much-discussed film version of Somerset Maugham's novel "Of Human Bondage" returns to the Filmarte tonight and tomorrow, August 18 and 19. Leslie Howard is starred in the role of Philip Carey, and Bette Davis plays Mildred, the waitress who holds his soul in "human bondage." It is the strange love which holds a cultured student to a selfish, beautiful, unworthy woman.

Kay Johnson, Frances Dee, Reginald Denny and Reginald Owen are in the cast and the play was directed by John Cromwell.

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### ENTRIES NOW OPEN FOR JUNIOR TENNIS TOURNAMENT

If you are not younger than 10 or older than 14 you can get into the municipal tennis tourney for juniors. The entry is free but you must register with Frances Brewer, who runs the municipal tennis courts, either this afternoon or before 9 o'clock next Monday.

## Carmel Audience Hears Talk on Youth Hostels

Miss Betty Baker of Berkeley, one of the leaders in the Youth Hostel movement, addressed a group of interested people at the Carmel Girl Scout House last Wednesday evening and told them all the "hows and whys and whats" of hosteling.

Her pamphlet, "California Hosteling," an attractive hand-set affair printed on Miss Baker's own press, contains a map showing the exact location of the eight hostels in California. National headquarters is in Northfield, Mass. It is from there you get your AYH pass which costs \$1 if you are under 21, \$2 if 21 or older. It is good for one year, and this American pass, plus 25 cents for an International Stamp, makes you welcome in 4500 hostels in 20 countries.

An overnight fee of 25 cents plus a five- or ten-cent fuel charge, is presented with your pass to the house parents. You cook your own meals and wash your own dishes. Present hostels located in California are at San Francisco, Montara, Purissima Creek, Los Altos, Soquel, Mount McPherson and San Lorenzo. At Talking Pines Mountain Camp near Colfax there is one for skiers and mountain climbers. Plans are under way to open new hostels as rapidly as suitable locations are obtained and the hostels can be financed.

The youth hostel movement has no political or religious affiliations, but is sponsored entirely by individuals interested in making simple enjoyment of the out-of-doors available to everyone from 4 to 94.

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### BAZAAR AT CARMEL MISSION HALL SEPT. 1, 2, 3

There will be a bazaar at the Carmel Mission Hall September 1, 2, and 3. Mrs. Mary Reardon is in charge of the committees and Leo McNeil is assisting her. McNeil is well known in the amusement centers of Hollywood and has many novel and original ideas that will make this bazaar different from the usual ones.

On Saturday evening, September 2, there will be a baked ham dinner beginning at 5:30 o'clock. Ben Wetzel, famous cooker of hams, will be in charge. The admission for this will be 50 cents for adults, 25 cents for children.

Surfacing of a ten mile stretch of the Redding-Alturas Road, between Burney and Montgomery Creek will be completed this season, reports the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club, making this highway a greatly improved connection with Central Oregon and Idaho points.

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## Just When Carmel Can Start Building New School Plant Depends on Action On WPA Project Application

Just how soon construction on Carmel's new high school plant can start, and the actual extent of the plans should it be possible to build in time to be ready for occupancy next fall, are questions that the unified school board cannot answer until action on a WPA application to the extent of approximately \$155,000 is taken.

At a meeting of the board Tuesday afternoon it was declared that the present delay in preparation of the plans, contingent on making the formal WPA application, is not avoidable. Hugh Comstock, clerk of the board and himself a designer and builder, said that the board's architect, Ernest Kump, Jr., of Fresno, is going at the work of preparing the plans as rapidly as possible. He explained that every plan must be laid out in detail be-

fore the WPA project can be decided on.

It may be impossible, the board said, to start work before January 1 as it cannot obligate itself for a portion of the job without knowing the whole cost of its program.

The plan to face the proposed new building or buildings with adobe brick is being considered in case of the acceptance of the WPA project.

Other matters considered by the board Tuesday included the proposal of the Pacific Gas & Electric company to change the Sunset heating system from oil to natural gas at a net installation cost of \$218.44, reducing annual fuel cost, it was estimated, from \$1,186 to \$750. The engineer and the school architect will check the figures.

Coming . . .

**PAUL McCOOLE, PIANIST**

**Del Monte Lodge**

**SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27**

**8:30**

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## The Carmel Cymal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1924

Published Every Friday By  
THE CYMBAL COMPANY  
E. A. H. Watson, A. Porter Halsey  
W. K. Bassett

SEVENTH AND SAN CARLOS STREET  
P. O. BOX 1888 • TELEPHONE 77  
Ocean Avenue, Office: South Side  
Near Mission (Carmel Investment Co.)

PRINTED BY CARMEL PRESS, INC.

Subscription, \$1 a year, by  
mail. Foreign, \$2 a year.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the Post Office at Carmel, Calif.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

The Cymal is on sale at:  
Del Monte Hotel Newsstand  
McKay's Newsstand, Monterey  
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove

## Forest Fires Rage Down The Coast

(Continued from Page One)

blinding smoke and in utter confusion and then all they can do is hack away at the bushes making a clear space which the fire presently leaps, driving them back again. There is no chance at this moment of getting it under control by human means, though Paul Case of the Federal Forestry Service and Francis Raymond of the State Service have been valiantly organizing forces night and day.

There are no boundaries to the fire and no reasonable estimate can be made of its acreage. At this time, the wind is bringing it back toward Palo Colorado and taking it off out toward Big Pines and Post Mountain. It promises to be the greatest fire in these environs within the memory of man.

When I first heard of it yesterday, I went up the old County road to see what I could see. For sheer beauty on the scale of grandeur, I have never seen anything like it. In rolling, kneading columns of pure golden amber and ivory, the smoke rose toward Pico Blanco, holding me breathless in amazement. Where the hurricane of wind lifted it now and then from the ground, was the crazy dance of a thousand tall towers of flame, so utterly living, so mad, so unspeakably exciting. The shadow of the towers of the flame, struck at by the setting sun, bronzed the hills and made the cattle into statues of copper; copper statues chewing their cud. The smoke rolled out over the sea and the white caps were gilded filigree on sinister water.

Everywhere along the coast, the excitement mounts. None of us slept last night. After dark, the chain of fires made a mighty carnival and they despoiled in the night as if they might be laughing noisily at all those little men who are not as tall as the chaparral and, though livelier, are also greasier and will burn better once you catch 'em.

At the spots on the side of Bixby Mountain where coffee and bread were being served, you couldn't hear what the men said for the crashing about of the trees. Anyway, men don't remember about cream and sugar, then, as long as the coffee is hot. Funny, but they want it hotter than usual. They ran black sweat. What kind of bread? French. Heel. A French heel. There is a little laughter and it grows big. They wipe their hands on the stubble of their chins and stumble back. Goddam it, they don't give us any tools to fight this with. Somebody get word to my

## THE FUSE BOX

### DAVID ALBERTO SUGGESTS FIRE SIREN CHANGES

My dear Friend Bassett,

Having read your article concerning the wisdom involved in submitting graciously to the sound of the fire-siren I wish to remark that we are agreed thereon. But, must we submit to so much of it?

Like yourself I, too, went to a fire in 1906, but, unlike you, I found it a most enjoyable experience—quite a spectacle in fact. And I have enjoyed ever so many blazes both before and since that time—I always find them enjoyable. So it seems there is little reason for me to object to our siren. Still I do—not exactly to it, but to the amount of it. Fortunately my objection is based upon a logical psychological cause.

As you doubtless will recall, in by-gone days when alarms were sounded in our home town a number repeated two additional times meant a general alarm. Is it possible that these boys of our present home town are mentally so inferior that it requires even a fourth hearing to grasp thoroughly the number sounded? And if not mentally inferior to those others is there not some danger (since our boys now know these facts) of establishing an inferiority complex within their delicate souls? Being the intimate friend of most of them I am particularly anxious that this should not happen.

To determine whether a third and fourth sounding is necessary should not prove difficult—let the boys be asked if any one of them ever required that number of repetitions to ascertain the exact location of the blaze.

So if this contraption will not

old woman. She wanted me to go to a show tonight. Boy, a show! All we need, by God, is Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. Gimme Loy, boys. Jeez, gimme Loy for ten minutes and I'd put this damned fire out with my two hands.

Today at Bixby, where Paul Case sits at a radio trying to handle the dope on this fire and the San Luis Obispo shindig and a couple of others, things are in snatches. There's Lynn Hodges having just brought in 16 horses and pack saddles. Frida Sharpe cooking chicken, turning her place over to the army, the Forestry Service, the commissary. Charlie Mayfield telephoning kitchen orders for the cooks up on the range . . . 350 loaves of bread, 25 lugs of tomatoes, 50 bushels potatoes . . . Word coming in from the radio on the hot spots: Give me one more large ice can stove and I can serve 400 men easily. Hey, there, there are 100 men back near Baucher's Gap starving.

The deer have begun to come down, no choice now between those maddened flames—they look like burning Ku Klux Klanners—and the men waiting with deer tags and guns. Even the cattle along by the Lighthouse shift uneasily toward the fences when the wind, which is master of ceremonies today, flings a handful of smoke and cinders their way. They lift their dewed noses and slough off toward the ocean. With the rest of the citizens.

We just called Bixby Creek to get the latest dope before THE CYMBAL goes to press. Charlie Mayfield, who hasn't slept yet, answered. They say there's a fire down this way, he said, and hung up.

cease until it has uttered its third repetition—which claim has been made in defense of all this extensive utterance—then let it be returned, that we may obtain another device, likely less expensive, which will exhaust itself after its first or second repetition. Even then I am quite certain that my car will be on location before the last screech fades away. Or, if not there, I shall at least be comforted through knowing that a necessary evil will not be unnecessarily prolonged.

DAVID ALBERTO

Carmel, Aug. 15.

### TWO CORRESPONDENTS GIVE THEIR VIEWS OF THAT PLAY: "TOBACCO ROAD"

Dear Mr. Bassett,

Thru the kindness of a friend in Hollywood I saw a very excellent production (historically speaking) of "Tobacco Road" one night during the summer of 1935. To say that I left the theatre (Music Box, Hollywood Boulevard) feeling disgusted, and somewhat sickened by what I had witnessed on that very small stage, is putting it mildly. Your editorial comment in THE CYMBAL for today coincides exactly with my "sentiments" in the matter.

What reason there can possibly be for such productions is beyond me. Surely there is nothing funny, entertaining, or logical about a story such as that contained in "Tobacco Road." Perhaps such conditions do exist somewhere in these United States . . . but what earthly good will a play of that calibre do to types it professes to "authentically delineate"?

If someone would write and produce a play showing some sort of reasonable measures in correction of even one-millionth part of the miserable conditions found in certain portions of this vast nation . . . how much more good it would do those poor benighted victims of "circumstances generally beyond their control." There is enough grief and suffering in the country today without making matters worse thru the medium of the much-prostituted "legitimate theatre."

But enough of such matters.

THE CYMBAL is to be congratulated upon having the versatile, and so consistent, Richard L. Masten on its editorial staff. His recent editorial concerned with the MRA struck a most responsive chord in our household, and has been read and re-read many times by "yours truly" since its first publication. His equally thought-provoking reply to one "mister burt" gave me a great deal of pleasure this afternoon.

With every good wish for your continued success and happiness in the good old "game," I remain,

PHYLLIS L. SMITH

Salinas, Aug. 11.

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My dear Mr. Bassett:

You received so many opinions about "Tobacco Road," all hitting on the same note, I cannot resist writing you in detail how exceedingly interesting to me is the public's condemnation as it appears from the slant of artistic trends.

I believe most of the Peninsula went to "Tobacco Road" anticipating a stirring social drama. Before it came to Monterey several women asked me which I considered greater, "Grapes of Wrath" or "Tobacco Road." Wednesday night the audience saw a third-rate company give a tawdry, flat performance.

In New York with a talented

cast and skillful direction the play became a living picture (which stays with one) of a sharecropper's sordid family—nothing more. The raw sensuality and obscene jokes when expertly put over possess the same quality of punch that does low burlesque and explains somewhat the long popularity of the play—despite its futility of thought.

It is the master example of the nineteen twenties and early nineteen thirties' worship of stark realism regardless of subject matter. A play which the public approved in 1934 now outrages its sensibilities. For a man to work incessantly during the years polishing his medium and then display it on spit and sewer gas is no longer considered smart. The audience demands something besides skillful craftsmanship. People want to help their fellow man, not scorn him. There is nothing so devastating to one's morals as absolute disillusionment in human kind.

In the palmy post-war years social suffering scarcely touched the consciousness of hedonistic theatre-goers. But by the middle thirties even those sitting in the dress circle had felt adversity and an urgency developed for a constructive art to help people through chaotic times and bolster up their faith.

The public are not esthetes. Poetic truth and technical facility concern them little. They ride on the waves of fashion in faiths and in emotions evolving out of the need at the time. Now a giant comber of social interests is crashing over us.

The volcanic exponent of this social propaganda is John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath." Aside from being an impressive social document it is an artistic triumph. Mr. Steinbeck's humanitarianism, strong characterizations, his short penetrating sentences that at times roll into great cadences of superb poetry, his tender sympathy for human weakness and his faith in man's potentialities for spiritual progress must stab the most disillusioned cynic with the desire to improve unhappy conditions.

All through "Grapes of Wrath" Mr. Steinbeck accents the kindness and the generosity of the migratory workers. But in his desire to emphasize the idea of brotherly love dramatically at the end he overstrains himself and finishes theatrically an otherwise completely superb book.

In the privacy of his tower boudoir Mr. Jeffers seldom employs his word genius to illuminate the nobility of mankind. He declares he believes in moral beauty. But there is little in his poems to indicate he thinks man even remotely capable

of attaining anything of the sort. Mr. Jeffers possesses more imaginative spontaneity than Mr. Steinbeck. But he is too lop-sided in his outlook. Mr. Steinbeck's optimism is a piercing contrast to Mr. Jeffers' defeatist philosophy.

The preponderance of writers and artists of the nineteen twenties preferred to present their theories (even idealistic ones) through negative filth and evil under the delusion that horror moved one more effectively. They pictured desolate situations and stressed man's wickedness or weakness contemptibly. Often they gave exquisitely penetrating selections from life, harsh and vital. But their artistic attitude toward life in its realistic proportions as a whole is out of scale. To hammer endlessly on a single theme glaringly exposes one's limited grasp either intellectually or emotionally. An art era loaded with too much evil or too much romanticism curbs spiritual progress and causes people to harden or sink into serene inertia.

I think you point the way to young artists of today in your pithy observation on "Tobacco Road": "You read 'The Grapes of Wrath' and you want to do something about the problem therein dramatically presented to you. You see 'Tobacco Road' and you want to shovel dirt back on it and bury it as an unsolvable something."

Sincerely,

E. C. C.

Carmel, Aug. 14.

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## AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

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### I SERVE TWO MASTERS

Because I am going away on a two weeks' vacation and have so much work to do before I go that I don't know how I'll ever get it done, I'm going to go against the proverb and try to serve two masters.

They are Simon L. Bassett and S. Legree Ford.

You see, to please Mr. Ford I have to write a verse, or a couple of verses, for Bob Bratt to sing in the second act of the comedy with music that he and Bill Pierce and I are putting together for production next month.

If I didn't he might make me play the lead in the show.

And to keep Mr. Bassett happy I have to write a jingle for this column. If I failed him he might

transpose two editorials on me so they didn't follow logically, the way he did two weeks ago. That would never do.

So I've decided, to write Mr. Ford's verses and print them in this column of Mr. Bassett's paper. Clever idea, wot?

Good advertising, too, because as an advertising medium THE CRYMBAL—but we'll let Mr. Bassett finish that.

And since this is only one of fourteen songs—if Mr. Ford and Mr. Pierce decide that it is to be one of the songs—I won't be giving away too much of the show.

Anyhow, here it is, for the first time on any stage. Bob Bratt, as Attorney Bumbledon, is telling the chorus what a remarkable man he is. And he sings as follows:

### THE LEGAL LIGHT

On me depend the purity, the freedom and security  
Of many worthy clients at the bar.  
When dragged to court judicially I prove them clean officially.  
It doesn't greatly matter if they are.  
My reputation's national. My processes are rational.  
I logically prove that black is white.  
A master oratorical; a beacon and an oracle;  
I'm quite the nation's greatest legal light.

Oh, I can clothe rascality in garments of legality  
If rascals only come around to me.  
I soothe the court and mollify, and consequently qualify  
To charge them for a whopper of a fee.  
With arguments unshakable and alibis unbreakable  
I always bring about their swift release.  
The prison doors don't close on them. The jury pins a rose on them.  
And shakes their hand and bids them go in peace.

In latin phraseology I'm learned and I'm collegy.  
I make old Mr. Cicero look cheap.  
I swing a tough mandamus and my habeas is famous and  
I often quote old Blackstone in my sleep.  
I prove that states subliminal have made the toughest criminal  
A victim of the force of circumstance.  
And things which from antiquity the world has thought iniquity  
I show are full of glamour and romance.

### CHORUS

For I'm the man who helps the man who pays a man like me.  
I think that it is sport  
To stand before the court  
And pit my wits against the wits of lawyers two or three  
Who wonder what it's all about when I have made my plea.  
  
I take the law and twist the law to set my clients free.  
And when the case is done  
And I, of course, have won  
I never ask them where they got the money for my fee.  
For I'm the man who helps the man who pays a man like me.

### TALKING BACK TO FATE

Some years ago there entered the north woods a strange looking man, carrying an axe and a rifle and dressed in a leather suit that bristled with nails. He was going out to fight wolves, against whom he swore a vendetta when a pack of them invaded his yard and killed his child. And his armor was devised with the idea of allowing him to take on any number of them hand to hand.

Another man, one of the richest in the world, swore another vendetta. A germ had invaded his home, a germ with which the doctors were unable to cope, and had taken off one who was dear to him. And the rich man took generously from his fortune and said, "I shall endow a foundation which will make it possible for scientists to study that germ and others, so that one day they may conquer them and spare others the tragedy that I have known."

What happened to the man in the leather suit is not chronicled.

But what happened to the rich man is known all over the world. The fight which he started is still going on. It has been crowned with many victories, and greater victories are perhaps to come. Certain it is that long after his wealth and power have been forgotten his name will be honored because of the accomplishments of his foundation, because of the life and hope it has given to humanity.

Yet the two men were much alike. Both set out to talk back to fate, each within the limits of his abilities. Fate had struck them, and they struck back. They accepted the blow, for there was nothing else that they could do. But then each said, "All right. Now it's my turn!"

For it is possible to talk back to Fate—not always, perhaps, but almost always. Every blow which it gives a man is a test of his metal. Every burden which it lays upon him may be turned to give strength to his sinew. Every coup of the common enemy may increase his

purpose, his sympathy, his will, leaving him more truly a man.

Most of us, unfortunately, are more nearly in the class of the man in the leather suit than in that of the great philanthropist. We cannot with a stroke of the pen call forth legions of wise, devoted men to turn our own loss into a victory for humanity. We haven't much to fight with but a gun and an axe. But still we can fight.

And since all of us go through the fire at one time or another we have the force of numbers on our side—if we will only make the other fellow's battle our battle. We can never defeat Fate completely, for she will always stalk in the realm of accident, but there are still great areas to be wrested from her, areas where she is still tolerated by reason of human callousness and ignorance.

We can drive her from them if when a blow falls upon us we will only turn our sympathies outward toward others instead of inward upon ourselves. Only when we let it lose its force in self pity, in futile complaint, in bitterness that curdles the spirit, or in plain discouragement, is the value even of the hardest experience lost.

During the World War certain men who thought themselves wise in the ways of human nature developed the theory that raids upon noncombatant populations would frighten the enemy into suing for peace. But when they tested that theory they found it was faulty. The more timid spirits were demoralized by the bombings, but others were roused to anger and to action, so that the raiders did for their enemy what his own recruiting officers could not do, causing men to flock to the colors for a chance to strike back.

In that case, of course, the enemy was human, tangible, while Fate is something that you can't easily put your finger on. Yet there is as much to be accomplished by striking back at Fate as by rallying

against a human enemy. For there are whole campaigns, whole wars, waiting to be fought by men not against but for men; to be fought not with weapons of destruction but with minds and hearts and wills.

There are wars to be fought against ignorance, against prejudice, against disease and economic want, against the conditions which breed crime and revolution. Wherever humans are gathered together there is a front in one of those wars, a front on which men are needed, whether they be generals or privates.

And when the bombers come over and leave some of us wondering why they should have singled us out we can have our revenge. Even though we do not know how that thing which happened to us might have been avoided we know that the same sort of sorrow may be caused to others by conditions which can be remedied if we and others will only turn our minds and spirits unflinchingly to the task.

Thus within the limits of our strength we can talk back to Fate and strike back against her. If enough of us do it we can send her howling back to her lair. And when we speak and strike thus Fate cannot touch us.

### MR. SMITH'S FOOL IDEA

Now comes Paul C. Smith of the Chronicle with a proposal that the President call together certain men who are outstanding representatives of the various divergent groups in our social and economic life, put them around a table, and have them work out the nation's salvation. He even thinks that they would accomplish something.

Paul C. Smith, you know, is noted for his fool ideas. He had one about solving a strike situation that was paralyzing San Francisco's commercial life. It was quite similar to this one in a way, being founded on the theory that when you get people together to discuss

their differences frankly and honestly they'll do so. It was utterly crazy. It was so crazy that it worked.

The scope of his new idea is greater. Instead of dealing with a single situation it deals with the whole complicated welter of aims and interests and theories that the nation is muddling around in today. He would have his conferees begin by formulating a definition of the principles and objectives of present day American democracy—a definition acceptable to ranking industrialists and labor leaders, agriculturalists and intellectuals—and then go on to solve the problem of mass unemployment within the framework of that definition, or Doctrine. That is asking a lot.

But is it asking too much? I don't think so. I don't see how it is possible to think so without being a rank defeatist, without despairing of the workability of democracy or the potentialities of the human intellect.

For if we are to put our economic life again on a solid footing without precipitating some tremendous upheaval we will have to do it by thought and discussion and by the coordinating of the efforts of groups which are now working at cross purposes. And who should be better qualified to consider and discuss and synthesize the various viewpoints than the leaders of the groups which hold them? As individuals they would enter the discussions with a decidedly partisan bias, but as a body they could only speak—if they spoke at all—as a rounded whole wherein the bias of each was absorbed by the purpose of all.

But would they speak at all? Wouldn't the whole thing end up in a squabble between representatives of capital and representatives of labor, between the social minded and the economic minded, between business man and intellectual, between A F of L and C I O? There is, of course, that possibility. But at least the thing is worth trying.

For at base the viewpoint of any one of these groups does not differ greatly from that of any of the others. The laborer and the industrialist will agree that adversity for one does not make for prosperity for the other. The farmer and the manufacturer will admit that their welfare is tied up together. The economist and the man whose thinking takes a sociological trend will both own that on the one hand slums and misery do not make for a sounder economy and that on the other a crippled economy does not help alleviate want and suffering.

It is only in the matter of precedence that they differ. Each wants his own grievances settled first, his own aims achieved before the other fellow's are taken up. And this is because each fears that if his objectives are subordinated they will perhaps be lost completely. So we have suspicion and resentment, labor spies and saboteurs, pressure groups and lobbyists. And in the scramble for individual and group welfare the general welfare is lost track of.

At this point we become like an army composed of forces so divergent in character, so filled with mutual suspicion, that a united front against the common enemy is impossible. Often in the course of history such an army has been routed utterly even though possessed of a numerical superiority that seemed overwhelming. You don't win wars with that sort of force, whether they be wars against a human enemy or against depression and unemployment.

But if the leaders are brought to

(Continued on Page Six)

### THE ONE

And who are we that we should claim  
That we have found you? Who are we  
That we should mark you with a name  
Exulting, "He belongs to me?"

Why should we slander you with creeds  
And drag your godhead in the mire  
Of heartless plans and vengeful deeds;  
Of curses and eternal fire?

What right have we to question you?  
And ask, "Why must this come to me?"  
We cannot see the pattern through  
Whose whole enfolds eternity.

The legions of the Milky Way  
That march unhalting through the night,  
The single star that shines by day,  
The planets and the swirls of light  
Infinities of miles away—  
Pale infants in the womb of time,  
Dim nebulae so far, so vast,  
We only see their distant past,  
Are yours. And yours the trees,  
The buds, the leaves, the tender breeze,  
And closer, stranger things than these;  
Yours everything the eye can see,  
The heart can feel, the spirit seize;  
And thought, that mortals vaunt as free;  
That thought itself belongs to thee.

And who are we that we should claim  
That we have found you? Who are we  
To take the credit, leave the blame,  
Resenting each unanswered plea?

We sense the limits of our spheres  
And try to fit them over you.  
Still rings, unheeded, down the years  
That cry, "They know not what they do!"

We cannot see the pattern's whole  
Or know the patient weaver's plan.  
We know the path, but not the goal;  
Yet will we walk as best we can.



## "The wittles is up!"



Too late to fit into last week's column came the following note from Tony and Jinga: "Just discovered t'other day that cooking green peppers and onions together just as you would any vegetable and serving them with melted butter makes for one grand dish. Complements steak beautifully. Have always wanted to know another use for peppers and this seems to be a pretty good one."

Good old onions. This suggestion reminds me that by cooking onions with them it is sometimes possible to transform plain carrots to such an extent that they can be eaten even by those who think carrots belong to the "I say it's spinach" class.

Another onion note. I once read a story in a popular woman's magazine, one of those struggling young couple romances, in which the girl makes a great hit with her husband's crusty old boss by feeding him french fried onions. I forget the details but the result was dazzling: the young husband's future was brilliantly established and everything was swell. I remember it made quite an impression on me so that french fried onions, which I've never attempted to make myself, have always seemed to belong to the category of special company dishes, with an added whiff of romance mingled with their own rich fragrance. And now, if you please, you can get french fried onions in cans—just heat and serve! They're really delicious, and of course, specially pleasant with steak, just as Tony and Jinga's green peppers and onions are.

In doing a little celaning up I came across Kathryn Winalow's letter about the *Svensk Kaffe Stuga* in Massachusetts. What an eye and a memory that girl has! Listen:

"How can I begin? Well, I suppose any place will do because it all travels around in a diorama whose conception two World's Fairs have missed. It was a large, bright, clean room, with windows on three sides. But over the walls and over the window panes and from the ceilings ran and hung a collection of carved ebony crocodiles, fantailed stuffed eagle-like birds, pictures of the Swedish navy, dozens of flags, wooden dolls and animals in miniature on shelves, war helmets, the public telephone, a counter for Swedish peppermints, canned herring, packages of caraway and cardamon seeds, coco 'eyes,' canned pumpernickel bread, pot, cleaners of straw, postal cards, those long penny licorice whips like the ones I bought when I was five years old from the corner store, carved brooches, butter paddles and the cash register.

"Down the center of the room were two long tables, one of numerous shiny copper kettles and pans; the other of hand-loomed Swedish linens. There was a piano, numerous copies of the magazine *Vecko-Journalen*, and flags of all nations hanging from the ceiling as if an international bazaar were about to begin. There was a model of a clipper ship, begonias and geraniums in all of the windows, which had leaded glass panes in their centers, and friezes of cut and colored

paper dolls around the sill-lines. Royalty was framed on the walls, the radio was burdened with copper kettles while the piano was flanked with pussy willows in a copper tub. Along the stems of the pussy willows were dozens of tiny fluffy yellow cotton Easter chicks and silver plates, flags from the ceiling, flags under cellophane, flags at the windows and a flag on a pole at each table. These people had certainly got the patriotic spirit from Concord and Lexington and if they had no Minute Men in 1638 they made up for it now by no lack of flags—most of them Swedish.

"Part of the room was curtained and alcoved off for Swedish antiques, which really had interest and, as far as I could determine, were brought by the Swedish settlers and used here by them. Chests, copper tankards and pots, candelabra, rolling pins, a spinning wheel, a clock, canes, wooden eating bowls hand-carved from what looked like oak. There were copper baking moulds and cookie cutters. And an etching of Lincoln as a young boy. Under Lincoln was an autographed photograph of Herbert Hoover. Between Herbert Hoover and the antique andirons were draped portieres made of the material one sees in Algerian cafes, bold-striped and tasseled.

"We sat down at tables stuck in edgewise to order a meal. An owner appeared, a tall, thin-legged woman with a wreath of braids around her crown, a flowered cotton dress as gay as the room, and a rich accent. No smile. Soon the meal began to come, starting with good home-made chicken soup and fresh-made popovers. In the middle of eating up the meat balls and french fries, the wax beans and a mouthful of sweet and crisp pickles I was startled into gastric fright by the looming over me of a large black-furred and stuffed animal creeping toward me on a dead limb. He looked like a small bear with a monkey face. Later, I found myself wandering with my eyes along the streets of Oslo, by tapestry. During the coffee, which came in a copper pot, I studied the face of the Crown Prince Fredrik as he came aboard the H.M.S. *Sverige*.

"From the recesses behind the cash register and the carved dolls there came occasionally the voice of the other owner. I heard him ask, 'Vat, Mama?' and I heard him say, 'All right, Mama.' Mama was the waitress with the long thin legs who strode between the flags to us with platters of meat balls and pots of coffee, who sold us postal cards and peppermints and who had likely arranged the Easter chicks on the pussy willows. The voice of her husband was all we got of him. He was, perhaps, the cook. If so, he made delicious coffee cakes, ginger cookies and shortbread, which finished the meal an hour after we arrived. But it was the coffee which poured so fragrantly out of the copper pot and the thick cream in the blue pitcher which went with it that soothed away the effect of too many flags."

Thanks, Kathryn. I always love an adventure in eating out, even if only vicariously!

—CONSTANT EATER

## AS THE CROW FRIES

(Continued from Page Five)

gether and allowed to plan their campaign on a mutual basis, building gradually upward from the solid foundation upon which all can agree, we may one day find that we are a real army instead of merely a horde. That sort of welding is essential for victory, and that sort of welding can be accomplished in face to face meetings of big men representing all factors of our life, determined to preserve the rights of the groups which they represent but equally determined to work out the salvation of America.

And when once such unity is achieved we will be on our way. We can't help it, for there is nothing physically wrong with our economic system. We have materials in abundance. We have greater facilities for production and transportation and distribution than we know what to do with. We have millions of potential workmen eager for a chance to trade their labor for the money to buy things that we might produce and are not producing.

We have, in fact, all the physical essentials of prosperity except prosperity itself. And that too we can have when we unite to get from our physical equipment all the potentialities which now lie dormant in it.

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### DORIS OLINGER TO MARRY ROY MEADOWS TOMORROW

Doris Olinger of Monterey and Roy E. Meadows, Jr., of Carmel Valley will be married tomorrow evening in the Stanford Memorial Church. The Rev. D. Elton Trueblood will perform the ceremony at which only members of the two families will be present. After a wedding dinner, Roy and his bride leave for a motor trip up north.

Doris is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Olinger of Monterey and has a sister, Betty. Roy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Meadows of Carmel Valley and is a brother of Phyllis, Harold, Richard and Donald. Both the bride and groom are graduates of Monterey Union High school and Roy received his A.B. from Stanford. The couple will make their home in Carmel Woods and will be at home by August 27.

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New fair grounds two miles west of Placerville on U.S. 50 will be the scene of the El Dorado County Fair August 23 to 27, reports the California State Automobile Association. Exhibits of agricultural, livestock, mineral, and lumber products will compete for valuable awards. Entertainment will include the Sacramento Scouts Scotch Band and motorcycle races on Sunday, the 27th.

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## Maskiewitz In Greek Theater Sunday

In order to give Michel Maskiewitz a chance to see if he were really prepared for his recital next Sunday afternoon at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis gathered a fairly good-sized audience for him at her home, Casa Querida, on San Antonio street last Sunday evening.

Michel presented his program exactly as he will give it Sunday. It included works by Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Scriabine and Scarlatti. The Nocturne No. 2, opus 27, and the lovely *Fantasia* were among the Chopin collection. Unfortunately our CYMBAL reporter was not on the job, but she is familiar with Maskiewitz musicianship and is inclined to agree with Hal Garrott of the *Peninsula Herald* when he says, "With a few more weeks of intensive practice, this concert pianist should win back the finish and technical precision that marked his performance on tours made some years ago in various parts of the world." We would like to add that until recently "intensive practice" has been impossible for this artist, but due to the interest and encouragement of several of our townspeople,

Michel is winning back his laurels, and all indications prove that he is capable of sustaining them.

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OR WINE: Sauterne, Burgundy, or Claret

SALAD

Fruit Salad with Cream Dressing

ENTREES

Sea Food

Poached Halibut, Hollandaise Sauce 65c  
Baked Filet of Sole, Bordelaise Sauce 65c  
Grilled Salmon, Maitre d'Hotel 65c  
Abalone Steak, Tartar Sauce 75c  
Filet of White Fish, Meuniere 50c

Roasts

Roast Turkey, Celery Dressing, Giblet Gravy 75c  
Prime Ribs of Beef, Natural Juice 65c  
Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Jelly 65c  
Baked Stuffed Spring Chicken 75c  
Roast Ham, Hawaiian Style 70c

Chef's Specials

Chicken Fricassee, Egg Noodles 65c  
Shrimp Newburg on Toast 60c  
Pounded Steak, Country Gravy 65c  
Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce 65c  
Little Pig Sausages, Brown Sauce 50c  
Fresh Vegetable Plate, Poached Egg 50c  
Fried Chicken, Southern Style 75c  
Asparagus Omelet 50c  
Creamed Sweetbreads Supreme 75c

Williams' Special New York Cut Steak  
Spread with Mustard, Flour and Pan Fried 1.00

French Lamb Chops, Glazed Pineapple 65c  
Filet Mignon with Mushroom Sauce 85c  
Grilled Pork Chops, Fried Apple Rings 65c  
Club Steak, Bordelaise Sauce 75c

Vegetables  
Fresh Peas or  
Diced Carrots

Potatoes  
Mashed or  
Baked

Desserts

Choice of Pie Cuts Chilled Cantaloupe  
Jello Grapenut Custard  
Sherbet Ice Cream or  
Choice of Sweet Wines

OCEAN AVENUE



## WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

### EMMA MILLS

Literary critic, lecturer and commentator on world affairs, Emma Mills arrived in town last week on Tuesday and stayed until Sunday morning when she went up to Saratoga to be the guest of Charles and Kathleen Norris.

Emma Mills is of New York, although she feels London is her second home. For years her "Literary Mornings" at the Plaza, and her "Book and Play" luncheons at the Biltmore have been the gathering-places of New York's intelligentsia. For nine years she has been on the executive committee of the National Poetry Society. For the past 20 years her summers have been spent in England and on the continent, gathering first-hand impressions of the European situation, seeing plays and meeting authors, all in preparation for her winter's lecture program of talks on contemporary literature, on the theater, on international questions, and on people.

And now in this, her 21st year of lecture work, Emma Mills suddenly decided it was high time she saw her own country. At what she called her "coming of age" party, held at the Biltmore this spring, she laid the foundation for her summer plans. Although primarily she was out to contact writers and poets, Miss Mills also wanted to feel the pulse of America, to know what America was thinking and to get a broader and more American point of view.

Central City, Colorado, Hollywood and Carmel were the three spots on the map she had particularly marked with bright pins.

At Central City she had a rich and marvelous experience. Robert Edmond Jones, who is responsible for the revival of the social and cultural activities that used to surround this grand old mining town, is Emma Mills' friend. Although this year he chose to let others direct the production in the opera house while he remained in the East, he saw to it that she was given the highest consideration. The General Grant room at the Teller House was hers. And on the opening night of "Yeomen of the Guard" with Richard Hale in the leading role, she was a part of that glamorous scene, re-enacted with all the pomp and ceremony of the past, with notables from all over the world gathered under that fantastic roof.

Miss Mills was in Hollywood for three weeks. She met everyone there whom she had met in Europe, or so it seemed. All her friends that ordinarily she would be greeting at the Royal garden party in London were in Hollywood. But no spotlight was focused upon them. They were working, all of them, and working hard. They had come there seeking some expression that is denied them in Europe . . . and finding it, for America is the workshop of creative art. Yes, feeling America, Emma Mills was impressed with the tremendous quality of its resources. All the roots of our painting and poetry are in this vast, healthy, resourceful thing which is our country; not New York or Boston, but a panoramic map-like America that for Emma Mills now stretched from ocean to ocean. "If Europe is dying," she said, "and I believe that Europe is culturally dead—America is alive!"

Emma Mills' arrival in Carmel was heralded with interest by a

number of people, for here, as in practically every place you can name in the world, she has friends. Mrs. Vernon Kellogg had a luncheon for her at Peter Pan Lodge the day following her arrival, which served as a cementing of old friendships and a furthering of new. One day was spent with Robinson and Una Jeffers down the coast. Lennart Palme, in the absence of his wife, Jessica, an old and dear friend of Emma Mills, proved himself an efficient host on several occasions. I know we all regretted the fact that her time here was so short. Few people possess her charm, and that faculty she has of holding one so pleasantly spell-bound while she talks of people, and places, and ideas, and everything that is alive and vital and real. She makes life a more intense and vital thing for us by putting into crystalline and articulate form the ideas that arise from her intimate contact with the personalities of the great and the brilliant.

But Emma Mills' American summer is almost over. Early in September she is scheduled to lecture at Newport, at Piping Rock, then at Southampton. This season her topics will be "Flashlights on America" and "Europe Visits America," material for both gleaned during this most significant summer, her "coming of age" summer, and the first time Emma Mills has been west of the Rockies!

—MARJORIE WARREN

### MABEL BARBEE LEE

Mabel Barbree Lee was late in getting into her career. For ten years she was a mining engineer's wife and lived a nomadic life all over the West. It wasn't until after her husband's death that she got into educational work.

After a period of organization work with the Denver Y.W.C.A., Mrs. Lee went over to Colorado College, her alma mater, as dean of women. That was in 1921, the transition period following the war, when deans everywhere were certainly the most confused people in all the country. Those were the days when we were throwing overboard our old standards of conduct and no one knew what was right and what was wrong, not even deans of women. Mrs. Lee will not forget those seven years. It was something to be associated with the boys and girls of the twenties; dancing with them, working with them, and sometimes sharing in their tragedies.

In 1929 Mrs. Lee joined the Radcliffe faculty. To go to a really mature college, such as Radcliffe is and always has been, and be assistant dean of women to a group of students who were scholars and proud of it, was immensely important to her at that particular period in her career. It was an abrupt transition from the so-called "coonskin coat" era where even scholarship was scorned, and the process was as reviving as a purgative.

But going on at Radcliffe meant being willing to spend one's life living in a dormitory. Mrs. Lee had a small daughter, Barbara, to consider, and always, the idea of some day having a home of her own was in the background of her thoughts. Rather than go on, she resigned, and spent the year of 1931 in Cambridge writing—articles on education mostly.

And up in Bennington, Vermont,

they were thinking about starting a college. Its purpose was to carry the principles of progressive education on to the college level. One of the board happened to read an article by Mabel Barbree Lee in *Atlantic Monthly* on the censoring of college women. It fell right in line with their thought and the consequence was that she was the first member of the faculty to be engaged.

It was a rare and exciting experience to be a part of a venture where a new college, starting with a red barn and a chicken coop, was to be built. They had some money, too, of course, but that was cut down as finances went to rock-bottom all over the country. Besides the barn and the chicken coop, there was a brooder house and a beautiful old farmhouse called Cricket Hill. The barn today is the main administration building; Cricket Hill was made over into the music studio, and they do sculpture in the brooder house.

In 1932 Bennington College had its first class. Its educational plan had been worked out in principle by a group of educators mostly from Columbia University headed by Dr. William H. Kilpatrick. It was a broad statement of philosophy consistent with the general principles of progressive education. The college offered no set program of study. There were no rules and regulations, and to many it seemed completely lacking in discipline or the disciplines. The idea was to fit the curriculum to the need of the girl rather than to fit the girl into a curriculum devised by the college for her needs.

Mrs. Lee's part was to select students for admission. She had an opportunity to speak with young applicants from all kinds of schools and found them much more mature at 17 and 18 than the students had been in the nineteen-twenties. In many cases they had seen their families lose everything, and they could not have gone to any college except on scholarships. During the first years of the college it was not uncommon to see a former debutante from Boston or New York waiting on table to earn part of her expenses. Bennington was the kind of college from the beginning where it was difficult to tell whether a student came from a wealthy home or whether she was the daughter of a high school teacher. The usual earmarks were missing. A new sense of values was developing.

"The first year we called the 'honeymoon year,'" Mrs. Lee smiled reminiscently as she spoke. "We were in more or less of a dither, feeling our own self-importance as well as the educational significance of what we were undertaking. The average age of the faculty that year was 32. Many had never taught before. Some were promising young artists, poets or musicians. It was an inspiring experience to be associated with them!"

Bennington is not so startling a place now as it was in 1932. It was in the nature of a trail-blazer then, but many changes have taken place in education generally within the last eight years. Colleges everywhere have liberalized their programs as well as their methods of teaching.

Now about Carmel and why Mabel Barbree Lee is here. During the years of her married life, her husband, Howard S. Lee, a mining engineer from Stanford, always said that some day they would settle down and have a home in Carmel, because Carmel was the loveliest place in the world. After five years at Bennington, Mrs. Lee resigned in order to devote all her time to writing. This year, in searching for

a spot where she might write the fiction stuff that she is attacking with such validity and sincerity, she thought of Carmel. And her heart warms to it, in spite of the fogs. She speaks of the feeling of integrity that this village imparts. The people in the shops, the people on the streets, all have the look of people you can trust. She feels safe in Carmel.

—M. W.

### PAUL MCCOOLE

Paul McCool, who, under the auspices of Kit Whitman, will be heard in recital at Del Monte Lodge a week from next Sunday evening, seems to have more than ordinary merits to recommend him. He

started his concert career in Seattle when he was a mere lad, and after several successful concert tours here in the West, went to Paris to

(Continued on Page Nine)

### Ruth Goddard Bixler

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## Personalities & Personals

Bob Turman, editor of the King City Rustler Herald, has been browsing around, camera in hand, this past week. He took pictures on the Pebble Beach Garden Tour, and had a fine time down at the Carmel Art Gallery, which is definitely photogenic.

Mrs. S. M. Haskins of Carmelo and Eleventh has been enjoying the visits of two daughters and their respective spouses this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Niven returned to Los Angeles last Sunday evening after ten days here. Mrs. Niven was the former Barbara Haskins. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Farr (Janet Haskins), who are located in San Francisco, are able to come down nearly every week-end.

The family of M. A. Hays, Richmond realtor, has been occupying the Orrick cottage on San Antonio for the past two weeks.

Seven boys from the Crown-Zellerbach Paper Co. in San Francisco, were week-end guests of Marcia Hinkins and Jean McIntyre at their Carmel Woods home. They all managed to get thoroughly and uncomfortably sunburned while they were here.

Miss Betty Reynolds, daughter of the Norman T. Reynolds, has had Miss Mary Campbell of Piedmont as her house-guest for the past week. Last week-end Edgerly Gessler, also of Piedmont, was a guest. Miss Campbell leaves either today or tomorrow.

Mrs. Leo Killion of San Francisco, the former Sally Ward of Carmel, is staying this week at the Ray Brownells' as Sue's guest.

Willette Allen of San Francisco, formerly of Carmel, was a guest of the Misses Ellen and Berthe von Kleinschmidt last week-end.

Babette de Moe left on Tuesday of this week for Chicago. Her brother, Earl, Jr., who has been vacationing here, went with her. Babette will stay for three weeks or until Monterey Union High school re-opens. Earl will stay until it is time for him to get back to Hamilton College at Clinton, N.Y. If you remember, it was last year in Chicago that Babette took her first lesson in flying and returned to Carmel as the youngest licensed flyer in the United States. She's put in a lot of time since then and has had much more experience. Babette had been postponing her trip to Chicago until after the swimming meet at Hotel Del Monte last Sunday at which she managed to come out second in her race and was given custody of the trophy for the Del Monte team which she represented.

Lennart Palme was host last Friday night at his Hatton Fields home when he invited a number of friends in to meet Emma Mills, New York literary critic and lecturer and old friend of his and Mrs. Palme's. Those invited to meet her were David and Iris Alberto, George and Catherine Seidenbeck, the Baroness Liane de Gidro, Mr. and Mrs. William M. O'Donnell, Johan Hagemeyer and Jane Bouse. Later in the evening they all took possession of the kitchen where

scrambled eggs and toast were turned out rather miraculously, considering the number of cooks.

Mrs. Charles H. Lowell of San Antonio street left last Tuesday for Yosemite where she will be a guest at Le Conte Lodge for a month.

Ray Manwell, Marysville attorney, and his family, have taken a house on North Casanova for the month of September.

Madame Sylvia Sinding was given a surprise birthday dinner last Saturday night at Peter Pan Lodge by Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray of Carmel.

Gayle Killalee was week-ending in Carmel with her husband, Jack, her child and her mother. Gayle is social correspondent for the Burlingame Advance and dropped into THE CYMBAL office for a friendly greeting.

We have our first word from Sue Goodwin, back home in Greensboro, South Carolina, after a summer spent dude-ranching at Rancho Carmelo. She speaks with excusable pride of her daughter, Tanya Coles, who has been selected to play in Noel Coward's play, "Shadow Play," at the Paper Mills Theatre in Short Hills, New Jersey. Irene Castle has the lead and Alexander Kirkland is directing. If the play is a success, they'll go on Broadway this winter. Tanya just graduated from the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York last June and had two years of dancing under Martha Graham. We may have a chance to know her next summer as Mrs. Goodwin plans to take a place up the Carmel Valley for July and August.

Mollie Darling and her mother, Mrs. James Darling, of Monterey, who left the Peninsula last March for a tour of England and Scotland, returned a week ago last Saturday. Bristol was their headquarters for the first month where they visited Mrs. Darling's sisters and made various motor trips to the surrounding country. They had a week in Norwich on the east coast and went up to Edinburgh to spend a month with Mr. Darling's sister and brother-in-law, the Rev. and Mrs. Struthers Symington at Saltcoats. They toured the lochs and the Bobbie Burns country, and saw the Scottish Bluebells laying a blue haze over the entire countryside. They also visited a cousin who is captain of the coast guard at Berwick-on-Tweed. During one of the "black-outs" during an imaginary air raid, Mollie was picked up as a "casualty" and taken to the hospital in an ambulance for treatment of her wounds, a bit of play-acting which was a little too close to probable reality for comfort. She'd rather be back with the Carmel Players. But a country where factory workers worked to the accompaniment of radio programs and stopped work in the afternoon when the tea wagons were rolled in, couldn't help but be fascinating. Mollie thinks they have something there.

That delectable two-year-old with the pale blonde curls with whom Mrs. E. A. Fraser has been seen around town lately, is her granddaughter, Verity Mudge of Philadelphia. Verity came out to Carmel with her mother, Mrs. William L. Mudge, Jr., early in July and has been staying with her grandmother while her mother whipped up to Lake Tahoe where the eldest Fraser son, S. E., of Piedmont, was vacationing. With arrivals coin-

ciding came William L. Mudge, Jr., from Philadelphia and James R. Fraser from Boston. Then they all came down to Carmel together for a real family reunion last week, leaving Thursday for their respective points east. Mrs. Mudge and Verity will be here until the first of September.

Bishop Herbert Welch, retiring from the foreign field of the Methodist ministry and on his way from Korea to New York City, spent last week-end in Carmel.

News of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. J. Howell Byrnes in Los Angeles has reached their many friends in Carmel. The little girl, the Byrnes' first child, was born in April and named Jennifer.

There were special greetings for the Rev. Charles P. Deems, D.D., rector of the Gethsemane Church in Minneapolis, when he was here two weeks ago as guest preacher at All Saints' Church. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ewig, members of All Saints', reminded the clergyman that in 1922 in San Francisco he had officiated at their wedding.

Wendy Downey will be hostess at a small dinner and dancing party tomorrow night at Hotel Del Monte. Her guests will be Mary Winston Long, her house-guest from Jacksonville, Florida, Martha Millia, John Haffner and Adrian Sherman from Stanford, and Henry Teichert.

Patty Coblentz entertained at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club Monday with a luncheon bridge. Her guests were Virginia Wheeler, Marjory Sargent of San Francisco (Patty's house-guest for a week), Dorothy Campbell, Martha and Jane Millia, Dorothy McDonald and Beverly Beckett.

Captain and Mrs. Earl Shipp will be week-end guests of Commander and Mrs. Martin Jonas Peterson, who arrive today from San Francisco where Captain Shipp is attached to the Twelfth Naval District. Mrs. Shipp is Mrs. Peterson's cousin. They have just recently come to San Francisco from Washington, D.C.

Wendy Downey, daughter of the Stephen Downeys of Sacramento who have the Alfred Wolff house on San Antonio street for the summer, has as her house-guest Mary Winston Long of Jacksonville, Florida. Miss Long arrived Tuesday and will spend the rest of the summer with the Downeys.

Mrs. Frances Hudgins, who has been staying down at the Yucca Loma Ranch near Victorville since the death of her father, Harry W. Turner, on August 2, returned to her home in Carmel last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman left yesterday for Crystal Lake, up near Mount Lassen, for a four or five day fishing trip.

A Kit Whitman no-host party at Del Monte Lodge last Sunday evening was one of the gayest parties there. Those who made it so were Mr. and Mrs. W. B. and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Grainger of Salinas, Mr. and Mrs. Lester M. Tynan, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Monroe, Mr. and Mrs. Matthey Jenkins (down from Merced for the week-end, as their country club house is rented for the summer so they stayed with friends), Frank Work, the Baron von Wackenbach, and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Shepard.

Mrs. Harry Fry of Robles del

Rio is bubbling over with enthusiasm following her recent visit to New Vichy Springs where the champagne baths and hot sulphur baths were such a distinct benefit to her health, and where the general spirit of friendliness and comfort made her visit a particularly happy one to look back upon. Her son, Ray, is there. And her old friends, the Robert Salzburgers, who formerly managed the Robles del Rio Lodge but have been developing Vichy Springs for the past year.

Mrs. Happy Boyce Parker and her daughter, Jane Ellen, left last week for Panama.

Betty Work and Kit Whitman spent last week-end hibernating down at the old Work Lumber Co., six miles inland from Hoffman's, on the coast road. It was a matter of sun-baking, dunking in the river and sleeping.

Old friends of Vera Peck Millis and her sister, Glenna Peck, were over-night visitors in Carmel Tuesday. On a motor trip from their home in Noblesville, Indiana, Mrs. Albert Haas with her two daughters, Caroline and Eleanor, and Mrs. Frederick Deitrich, were entertained at a breakfast served at the Millis home Wednesday morning just before they left for the San Francisco Fair and points north.

Dr. James P. Baxter, III, president of Williams College, Mass.,

arrives at the home of the W. W. Wheelers in Pebble Beach Monday with Mrs. Baxter, their son, Stephen, and John Thiebout, a Williams senior. The men will go on up to Yosemite on a sight-seeing trip leaving Mrs. Baxter at the Wheelers, but she will join them on August 25 in San Francisco

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## The Carmel Cymbal

when they will all attend a Williams Dinner.

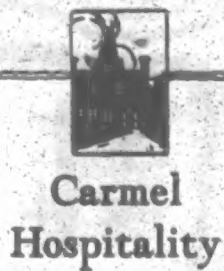
Bill Wheeler, who is entering Williams this fall, will enter just 125 years after his great-grandfather entered the same college.

Mrs. Clara Louise Beller moved this week to her new home in Carmel Woods.

Caryl Krower, publisher of the Barstow Printer-Review, is on the Peninsula attending the Reserve Officers Training Corps camp in Monterey. He has been a guest of the Paul Flanders at Outlands in Carmel.

The very many friends of Dick and Hildreth Masten were deeply shocked to learn of the death of their baby girl, Moira, at their Carmel Highlands home last Saturday night. The baby was six weeks old.

Mrs. Bill France wants very much to get back a plate which was taken inadvertently with a jello.



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fruit salad bought at the Firemen's Auxiliary food sale on June 15. Would the person who bought the salad and got the plate please return the latter to the fire house?

Emil and Frances Passailaigue, children of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Passailaigue of Eleventh and Carmelo, were guests of their aunt, Mrs. Marie Gordon, on a trip to San Francisco and Treasure Island this past week.

Bonnie Dee Olson, daughter of Mrs. Blanche Olson, entertained 12 friends at a birthday party in the Girl Scout House last Saturday. Dinner was served.

Mrs. Charles Butler, whose daughter was the first girl born in Carmel city, spent a week in Carmel recently after being away 22 years. She thinks Carmel has improved, but "likes the old Carmel better." It will never be as quaint again, she says. Her aunt, Mrs. Gaultier, spent the week with her here.

Mrs. Blanche Olson will attend the golden wedding anniversary of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Barnard, at Sand Point, Idaho, on September 9.

## At the Hotels and Resorts

### RANCHO CARMELO

So it's goodbye to Phil Conway of Dayton, Ohio, who has been at the ranch since June. He's off to St. John's Military Academy in Wisconsin.

Guests this week include Phyllis Plevin of San Francisco, Karl Kopp of the same city, Mildred Clary of Pittsburg, Pa., Dr. Carl Wilson of Palo Alto and Herta Kleeberg of San Francisco. They had a huge barbecue Wednesday night which a large number of townspeople attended.

Kaydee's 'personal cat,' the mammoth yellow called Leo, that originally belonged to Barnet Segal, was poisoned by a transient Camp Stefani poison-spreader and had to be put to sleep by Dr. Graham, the vet. The entire rancho is low in spirits because of it.

### DON BLANDING'S NEW BOOK OF VERSE OFF THE PRESS THIS OCTOBER

Want to know about Don Blanding? "Drifter's Gold," his new book, will be off the Dodd Mead presses by the middle of October, but Don is staying in the Islands for the formal launching. He'll be back by the first of November and intends to fly back in the China Clipper if he can possibly manage it. Then for three weeks he's going on an "up-and-down-the-coast" tour, be back in Carmel for Christmas and New Year's, and leave on his annual cream-chicken-and-peas lecture tour by February. And now you have it!

### COMMUNITY CENTER BUILDING FUND \$228 RICHER

The Community Center Building Fund is \$228 richer since last Saturday's Pebble Beach garden tour. When added to the sum of \$181, realized from a similar tour in July, this simple and pleasant means of raising money can be said to be successful.

The gardens of Louis W. Hill, Daniel Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Garland, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crocker and Mrs. Martha Newcombe were visited, and hospitality was dispensed by Mrs. Newcombe assisted by her Washington, D.C. house-guest, Miss Florenz Brez, and the ladies of the Garden Club.

## WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

(Continued from Page Seven)

study. In his first year in Paris, the young musician met the Countess de Polignac-Boisrouvray, who had one of the most interesting salons in Paris. It was there that he met De Falla, Villa Lobos, Braque and interesting sculptors and writers. The next year he met Princess Edmond de Polignac, the foremost musical hostess of Europe, at whose brilliant salon he became acquainted with Stravinsky, Paul Valery, Julian Green and Mompou, and who introduced him to many of the Spanish colony, including composer Halffter and Escudero. At her afternoon musicales he often played double piano with Artur Schnabel, Poulenc, Debussy and young Stravinsky. Then the third season he had his own salon in the beautiful Directoire-furnished house that Balzac formerly lived in on the ancient Rue des St. Peres.

McCool's development as an artist has been enlightening to watch. Beginning as a Chopin enthusiast, he grew in the precision of Bach and the clavinists, mastered the nuances of Debussy and the abstractions of the Moderns, finally embracing the color and the expressionism of the Spanish school.

It was his teacher, Wanda Landowska, who interested him in old music and helped him with his collection. Paul has the original edition of the works of Chopin which he prefers to the adulterated ones most musicians use. —M. W.

### WILLIAM P. SILVA

So much a part of the Carmel scene that we accept it the way we do the tree that stands directly in our line of travel but which we turn aside for happily, is the Silva Gallery located on north San Antonio street. Each afternoon from 2 to 5 the doors are open, and a constant flow of people from all over the world walk in. Most of them are already familiar with Silva's paintings, either because they have one in their home, or because their own public library or their home-town art gallery has one in its permanent collection.

Silva didn't begin to paint until he was 50 years old. A Savannah, Georgia, man he'd gone into the china business in Chattanooga in order to make a living. But the desire to paint was always there, and when he sold out his business, it was with the one idea of devoting the rest of his life to his art. He had an amazing success. After some years of study under Jean Paul Laurens and Henry Royer in Paris, with Chauncey Rider at Etaples, and with Arthur Dow in Ipswich, Mass., recognition quickly came. Perhaps his best known subject ma-

terial is the famous Magnolia Gardens in Charleston, South Carolina. His ability to catch the dream-like quality of these gardens with the peculiar root formation of the cypress drowning in the black waters of the lagoons, and the grey moss shrouding their branches, resulted first in an Honorable Mention in the 1922 Paris Salon where he had four of his paintings hung, and then in a purchase of one of these paintings by the French government in 1926. Two years later he won the \$2000 Davis National Prize. It would take more space than we have to give a complete list of all his honors.

In the basement of his house Silva has his workshop. I think you could find several varieties of every tool you could mention in this shop. He makes his frames here. The walls are decorated with old targets, proving his prowess at the Carmel Pistol Club of which he is a member. He's been able to shoot ever since he was a boy. In fact, he won the coveted medal of the First Georgia Regiment for sharp-shooting.

William P. Silva and Mrs. Silva came to Carmel from Washington, D.C., in 1911. They happened to come because they had known Paul Prince's sister in Washington, and

she told them of it, and gave them a letter of introduction to Paul. That was 29 years ago. It is something to have known Carmel like that. —M. W.

**CARMEL**  
Fri, Sat • Aug. 18, 19  
Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore  
**Calling Dr. Kildare**  
Shirley Temple  
**SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES**  
Sun, Mon, Tues • Aug. 20, 21, 22  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
**Tarzan Finds a Son**  
Wed, Thurs • Aug. 23, 24  
Robert Young, Annabella  
Walter Connolly  
**Bridal Suite**  
Wayne Morris, Joan Blondell  
Pat O'Brien  
**KID FROM KOKOMO**  
Summer Matinee Thursday, Friday  
and Saturday at 2 p.m. Sunday  
Continuous

## NOW AVAILABLE

CHOICE 10-ACRE RANCH SITE IN  
CARMEL VALLEY  
REASONABLY PRICED

For Particulars See

**CARMEL INVESTMENT CO.**

Barnet Segal • Telephone 63

## A 5 Acre Ranch in Carmel Valley For Rent for Six Months

The ranch is located 12 miles up the valley from Carmel with the Santa Lucia mountains for a background. It has a river frontage and a sandy terrace for sunbathing. A spacious garden and fruit trees. Ideal riding country. The home is a Monterey style ranch house. It consists of a large living room, a master bedroom, a tiled floor kitchen with a fireplace and a studio which can be used as an extra bedroom. It is available from September 15 on. For more information see Del Monte Properties Company office in Carmel, Ocean and Dolores, or telephone Carmel 14-R-11 or see your agent. Owner prefers to rent at reasonable price to right people.

## KARL'S SHOE STORE

REAL SAVINGS  
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

### CHILDREN'S SHOES



from **99c** up to \$2.25

"THE BEST VALUES ON  
THE PENINSULA"

OUR BUYING POWER  
SAVES YOU MONEY

**KARL'S**  
KUSTOM MADE SHOES  
432 Alvarado • Monterey

## Filmarte

CARMEL-MONTE VERDE AT EIGHTH-PHONE 403  
FRI • SAT

Bette Davis  
Lodie Howard

"Of  
Human Bondage"

SUN • MON • TUES

Banned in New York!

Liam O'Flaherty's

"The Puritan"

Should it be banned?  
Judge for yourself.

WED • THURS

Lillian Harvey

In the gay, musical fantasy

"Invitation to  
the Waltz"



## Community Sale August 22

Every year for 19 years the Carmel Community Church Auxiliary has held a rummage sale and the one this year starts August 22 in the vacated Carmel Bank building on Ocean avenue between San Carlos and Dolores. These sales have become the main projects of the church to raise money and they offer such a wide variety of objects that you will find something to interest every one—from old clocks and musical instruments to fine evening dresses. Costumes, bric-a-brac, shoes, books and just about any article you can mention will be on sale next Monday. Donations are still being solicited and if you have anything to contribute call either 52-W or 707 and it will be called for. The fact that there is seldom much left at the end shows the popularity of these sales. Whatever remains is given to some organization, such as the Goodwill Industries, where it will be used to the best advantage. Remember Monday, August 22!

+ + +

## MAJ. SHOTWELL AND FAMILY LEAVE FOR LOGAN, UTAH

Major and Mrs. Philip Shotwell and their two daughters, Norma and Sue, left the Presidio of Monterey Monday for Logan, Utah, where Major Shotwell will take over his new duty of P.M.S. and T. (meaning Professor of Military Science and Tactics) at the Logan High school.

The Shotwells have been stationed at the Presidio for some time and have made countless friends here. Most of us will remember him as Captain Shotwell, as the rating of major was only recently conferred upon him. Norma Shotwell will attend Utah State Agricultural College. Sue will enroll in the Logan High school. The family will go south to visit Mrs. Shotwell's mother before going to Utah.

## FUNNY MAN ONCE HELPED MARY ACKROYD FIX HER MOTORBIKE

Mary Ackroyd, who speaks so charmingly the English of the British Isles, dropped in one day the past week to tell us how she had enjoyed "Pygmalion." But that wasn't what worked up our interest so much. It was what she started to say casually just as she was leaving, and we compelled more details on. It appears that when Mary was 14 years old her parents presented her with one of the first motorbikes in England. She was one day out on the road with it and the transmission belt snapped, or something. While she was fussing around with it a man walked up, stood around, made various comments, but, as Miss Ackroyd puts it, "he was such a mess, and he didn't do a thing to help me."

But when she had fixed things and was leaving he said: "Well, now, my dear, you can tell the family at home that George Bernard Shaw helped you fix your bike."

+ + +

## LA COLLECTA HEARS TALK ON CERAMIC ART

La Collecta Club members, meeting at the home of Mrs. Vive Harber Wednesday afternoon, listened to an interesting talk by Mrs. Milly G. Leyman, ceramic artist, who was graduated from the Cincinnati Art School. She told of the application of conventional designs on china and supplemented her talk with objects of art decorated in brown, gold and lustres. Mrs. Leyman has had studios in Cincinnati and Portland, Oregon, and is now living in Carmel.

There were 13 members present at the club meeting and one guest—Mrs. Joy Willner of Chicago. The birthday of Mrs. Victor Graham was celebrated. The next meeting will be September 6 at Mrs. Graham's home.

+ + +

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL

## Sunset School News

The first teachers' meeting of the year will be held at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, August 26, in the school library. At this time members of the Carmel Junior High school and Sunset Elementary school faculty will join to consider the plans formulated for the coming school year. The initiation of the junior high school has necessitated certain rearrangements and adjustments. The office feels that the program developed will meet the highest requirements. Dr. Aubrey Douglass, head of the secondary education division of the State Department of Education, has voiced approval of the preliminary program as developed.

Teachers will be arriving from various parts of the state and country during the coming week. New members of the faculty will be Mrs. Phyllis Heath Walker, science teacher; Mrs. Miriam Watson, healthful living teacher; Miss Adele Osborne, language teacher; Miss Isabel Schultzberg, second grade; Milton Lanyon, art, and J. W. Getsinger, commercial teacher and principal of the Adult School. Ernest R. Calley, shop teacher, who has been studying at San Jose State College during the past year on leave of absence, will return to the school this year.

## DOUGLAS SCHOOL CAMP IS OVER FOR SUMMER; PACK COVERS 175 MILES

Douglas Camp is over. Its 16th season ended in a blaze of glory Tuesday night with a banquet at Douglas School. Places were set for 125, and it was an affair with a "circus" motif and with large numbers of parents in proud attendance.

The post-season pack trip with

25 in the group left yesterday at sunrise from the Douglas School's Carmel Valley camp at San Clemente Dam. They left under the leadership of Dick Collins and will cover 175 miles of the Santa Lucia mountains before returning to the San Clemente dam camp again. They'll be back at Pebble Beach on August 30, and the winter schools will open Wednesday, September 20.

## Warning

TO OUR PATRONS...

- Have you taken care of your Compensation Insurance? The new law goes into effect Sept. 19th 1939.
- Anyone employing servants for 52 hours or more is required to have compensation insurance.
- Penalty for failure to comply with the provisions of the act entails a fine of \$300.
- For further information and assistance call on

## Carmel Realty Co.

Insurance Department  
Telephone Carmel 66  
Las Tiendas Building

## The Season's Newest Styles!

SELECT THEM NOW—  
USE OUR LAY-AWAY PLAN!

## COATS

4.98 SIZES  
7 to 14

3.98 SIZES  
3 to 6

6.90 SIZES  
12 to 16

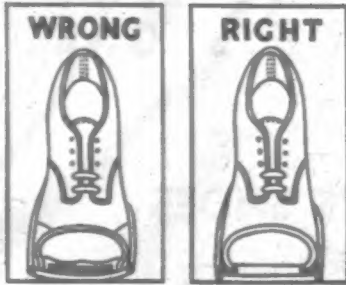
Buy it on the Lay-Away and have it when it's needed! Wool fleeces, tweeds and novelties—some fur trimmed, with berets to match the small ones.



PENNEY'S  
ALVARADO STREET, MONTEREY



Only  
PIED PIPER  
MAKES CHILDREN'S  
SHOES BY A  
Different  
BASIC PROCESS



## MOTHERS!

Come in today for your free booklet on "How Pied Piper Shoes Guard Your Child's Foot Health."

Wrong: Ordinary shoes use filler which shifts, causing lumps and ridges which stiffen shoe.

Right: Pied Piper shoes are made differently. An exclusive patented process makes them smoother, stronger and far more flexible. This is but one of the many exclusive features found in Pied Pipers. Your child deserves the best—our trained sales people will fit him properly.

## HOLMAN'S BOOTERY

409 Alvarado Street  
Monterey



LEGAL NOTICES

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the matter of the Estate of HARRY W. TURNER, Deceased. No. 6599  
NOTICE OF HEARING PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL

A document purporting to be the last will and testament of Harry W. Turner, deceased, having been produced and filed in this court, together with a petition for probate thereof, and for Letters Testamentary, to be granted and issued to The Wells Fargo Bank & Union Trust Co., said petition is hereby set for hearing by the Court on Tuesday, the 17th day of September, A. D. 1939, at 10:00 A. M. of that day, at the court room of said Court, in the Court House at Salinas, Monterey County, California, at which time and place any person interested may appear and contest said will and file objections in writing to the granting of said petition.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Superior Court this 17th day of August, 1939.

C. F. JOY, Clerk.

By Hannah Nelson, Deputy.

First date of publication: August 18, 1939.

Last date of publication: September 1, 1939.

SHELBURN ROBISON,

Carmel, California.

Attorney for Petitioner.

RESOLUTION NO. 120

A RESOLUTION PROVIDING FOR THE PUBLICATION OF A PETITION FOR ANNEXATION OF CONTIGUOUS TERRITORY TO CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT AND NOTICE OF TIME OF HEARING AS PROVIDED BY SECTION 27A OF ACT 7105, STATUTES OF 1923, AS AMENDED. (secs. 6870-6881 inclusive, HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE) WHEREAS, a verified petition signed by the owners of real property in contiguous territory, which real property represents at least seventy-five (75%) percent of the total assessed valuation of said contiguous territory as shown by the last equalized assessment book of the county in which said sanitary district is situated, designating specifically the boundaries of such contiguous territory and the assessed valuation thereof as shown by said last equalized assessment book, and showing the amount of real property owned by each of said petitioners and the assessed valuation thereof as shown by the last equalized assessment book of the county in which said real property is situated and stating that such territory is not within the limits of any other sanitary district, and asking that such territory be annexed to such sanitary district has, at a regular meeting of the Sanitary Board been presented to the said Board, and

WHEREAS, The Carmel Cymbal of Carmel, California, is a paper of general circulation published in this Sanitary District, and

WHEREAS, notice stating the time when said petition will be presented to said Sanitary Board and that all persons interested therein may appear and be heard and publication of this Notice and of the verified petition for at least two weeks preceding the hearing is required by Section 27A of Act 7105, Statutes of 1923, as amended, (secs. 6875 and sec. 6876, Health and Safety Code);

BE IT RESOLVED that the hearing be set for the 1st day of September, 1939, at the hour of 7:30 P.M., at the regular meeting place of the Carmel Sanitary Board, and that the petition and notice be advertised in The Carmel Cymbal, of Carmel, California.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the foregoing Resolution was duly and regularly introduced and adopted at a regular meeting of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District held therein on the 4th day of August, 1939, at the office of said Sanitary Board by the following vote:

Ayes: Members Comstock, McCarthy, Knight, Burnette.

Noes: Members None.

Absent: Member Cockburn.

Signed August 4th, 1939.

HUGH W. COMSTOCK

President of said Sanitary Board.

Countersigned:

ALLEN KNIGHT

Secretary thereof.

[SEAL]

Date first pub. Aug. 11, 1939.

Date last pub. Aug. 18, 1939.

VERIFIED PETITION TO ALTER THE BOUNDARIES OF THE CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT BY ANNEXATION OF OUTLYING CONTIGUOUS TERRITORY IN THE SAME COUNTY AS SUCH SANITARY DISTRICT, AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROVISIONS OF THE SANITARY DISTRICT ACT OF 1923 AS AMENDED. (Secs. 6870-6881 inclusive, HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE)

We, the undersigned owners of real property, represent to the Carmel Sanitary District and the members of the

LEGION AUXILIARY OFFICERS ATTEND CONFERENCE

Mrs. William Herbert Landers, president of the Carmel unit of the American Legion Auxiliary, and Mrs. W. R. Moore, junior past president, left for Oakland Tuesday to attend the meeting and conference of the Department of California of the American Legion and its Auxiliary at the Scottish Rite Temple. The meeting is a three-day affair, lasting through Wednesday. Mrs. Landers and Mrs. Moore will make their headquarters at the Hotel Leamington.

+ + +

SHAKESPEARE GROUP PLANS TO READ COMEDIES

The Carmel Shakespeare Company, directed by Herbert Heron, held its second meeting Tuesday evening and finished reading "Julius Caesar." Next Tuesday they will

start reading one of the comedies. Meetings are held at 8 o'clock upstairs in the Seven Arts Court on Lincoln street, which is the Carmel Art Institute.

Each Saturday afternoon at 3 rehearsals are held in the same place in anticipation of the Carmel Shakespeare Festival.

During the absence of Chick McCarthy, who is staging a play in another city, Herbert Heron is also conducting the readings of modern drama at Sunset School on Monday and Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. All persons interested in the drama are welcome at all the above-mentioned gatherings.

+ + +

You can send The Cymbal every week to friends or relatives in foreign countries for Two Dollars a Year.

Board thereof as follows:

1. That we are the owners of real property in the contiguous territory proposed to be annexed and that said real property represents at least seventy-five (75%) percent of the total assessed valuation of each and every parcel of said contiguous territory as shown by the last equalized assessment book of the County of Monterey, and that the boundaries of said contiguous territory are as follows:

Parcel 1. Beginning in Dolores Street at the intersection of the Carmel Sanitary District boundary with the easterly prolongation of the southerly line of lot 14, Block 151, as per map of Carmel Woods, filed in Volume 3, Cities and Towns, page 21, Monterey County records, and running thence westerly along the line between lots 14 and 15, Block 151, and the easterly production thereof to the southwest corner of lot 14, thence northerly along the westerly line of lot 14 to the said northwest corner of lot 14, thence easterly along the northerly line of lot 14 and the easterly production thereof to its intersection with the Carmel Sanitary District boundary in Dolores Street, thence southerly, thence westerly and southerly along the said Sanitary District boundary to the point of beginning.

Parcel 2. Beginning in San Carlos Street at the intersection of the Carmel Sanitary District boundary with the easterly prolongation of the northerly line of lot 10, Block 152, Carmel Woods, as per map filed in Volume 3, Cities and Towns, page 21, Monterey County records, running thence westerly along the northerly line of lot 10, Block 152, and the easterly production thereof to the northwest corner of lot 10, Block 152, thence southerly along the westerly line of lots 10 and 12 to the southwest corner of lot 12, Block 152, thence easterly along the southerly line of lot 12 and the easterly prolongation thereof to the Carmel Sanitary District boundary, thence northerly along said boundary to the place of beginning.

Parcel 3. Beginning at the intersection of the Carmel Sanitary District boundary with the center line of Cabrillo Street produced southerly as shown on Map of 1st Addition to Carmel Woods, filed in Volume 3, Cities and Towns, at page 22, Monterey County Records, and running thence along said Carmel Sanitary District boundary northeasterly and along the southwesterly line of lot

1, Block 159, as per said map, to the most easterly corner of said lot 1; thence northwesterly and northeasterly along the westerly boundaries of lots 3 and 6 to a point which is 27.5 feet southwesterly, measured along said lot line from the northeast corner of lot 5, Block 159, thence westerly to a point which is 27.5 feet southerly, measured along the eastern line of Cabrillo Street from the northwest corner of said lot 5, and continuing in the same direction to the center line of Cabrillo Street, thence in a general direction southerly along the center line of Cabrillo Street and the southerly production thereof to the place of beginning.

Parcel 4. Beginning in Santa Lucia Avenue at the intersection of the Carmel Sanitary District boundary with the northerly production of the westerly line of lot 2, Block 3, as per map of Mission Tract filed in Volume 4 of Cities and Towns, page 2, Monterey County records, and running thence southerly along the westerly line of said lot 2 and the northerly production thereof to the southwest corner of said lot 2, thence southeasterly along the southwesterly line of lots 2, 3, and 4, Block 3, to the southeast corner of said lot 4, thence northerly along the easterly line of said lot 4 and the northerly production thereof to the boundary of the Carmel Sanitary District, thence northwesterly along said boundary to the place of beginning.

2. That the assessed value of the property as of March 1, 1939, is as follows:

| Parcel | Land    | Improvements | Total   |
|--------|---------|--------------|---------|
| 1      | \$300.  |              | \$300.  |
| 2      | \$300.  | \$2430.      | \$2730. |
| 3      | \$650.  | \$2750.      | \$3400. |
| 4      | \$1200. |              | \$1200. |

Said valuation being shown by the last equalized assessment book of Monterey County for such contiguous territory.

3. That such territory is not within the limits of any other Sanitary District. WHEREFORE, we respectfully request that the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District and the honorable members thereof, take the necessary, proper, and legal steps to alter the present existing boundaries of said Carmel Sanitary District, so as to include within the altered boundaries thereof the property described heretofore in Paragraph 1, the boundaries of which are specifically designated, and that said contiguous territory be annexed to said become a part and parcel of said Carmel Sanitary District.

| Name of Property Owner  | Description of property as shown on Maps of Carmel Woods   | Assessed Valuation as shown by last Equalized Assessment Book. | Land Improvements | Total   |
|-------------------------|--|--|-------------------|---------|
| Bernard J. Callaghan)   | Parcel 1.  |  |                   |         |
| Catherine R. Callaghan) | Lot 14, Blk. 151. Each   | \$300.   |                   | \$300.  |
|                         | an undivided half-interest.  |  |                   |         |
| Louise B. Schreff       | Parcel 2.  |  |                   |         |
|                         | Lots 10 and 12, Blk. 152.  | \$300.   | \$2430.           | \$2730. |
| Arne F. Halle           | Parcel 3.  |  |                   |         |
|                         | Lot 1, except south 15 feet, Blk. 159.   | \$315.   |                   | \$315.  |
|                         | Lot 2, except north 27.5 feet, Blk. 159.   |  |                   |         |
| Donald Lyon             | Parcel 4.  |  |                   |         |
|                         | Lot 1, Blk. 159, south 15 feet.  | \$20.  |                   | \$20.   |
|                         | N. 27.5 feet lot 2 and all of lot 4, Blk. 159; lot 5, except north 15 feet, Blk. 159. Each an undivided half-interest. | \$2770.  |                   | \$3065. |
| Shelburn Robison)       | Description of Property as shown on Map of Mission Tract.  |  |                   |         |
| Helen Wright Robison)   | Parcel 4.  |  |                   |         |
|                         | Lots 2, 3, and 4, Blk. 1200.   | \$1200.  |                   | \$1200. |

STATE OF CALIFORNIA)

COUNTY OF MONTEREY)

ss. Shelburn Robison, being first duly sworn, deposes and says:

That he is one of the petitioners signing the foregoing petition; that he has circulated this particular petition and saw written the signatures appended thereto; that according to the best information and belief of the affiant each is a genuine signature of the person whose name is purported to be

thereunto subscribed and a signature of a property owner residing in said district seeking annexation.

SHELBURN ROBISON  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of August, 1939.

[SEAL]

K. E. WOOD

Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

Date first pub. Aug. 11, 1939.

Date last pub. Aug. 18, 1939.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Twelve cents a line for two insertions. Twenty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, thirty cents. Count five words to the line.

1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL WOODS LOT—A very desirable building lot 63 ft. x 96 ft. in best section, with new houses all around. All utilities are there, and there is sewer connection. Price is \$600, but will give \$70 off on this lot if new house is built on it within 60 days. FHA will make new 4 1/2% interest loan for construction of new home. Beautiful trees in background. Good sun. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave., Owners, or see ANY CARMEL BROKER. (7)

CARMEL BARGAINS  
A wooded lot, with small view of the Ocean, for \$700.

Another, also close in, fine trees, for \$600.

One lot, trees, 9 blocks from Post Office for \$350.

A small house for price that will easily net 12% interest on investment.

ELIZABETH MCCLUNG WHITE

Tel. 171. Box 325, Carmel. (7)

LOT 90 FT. FRONTAGE—\$700 for one of the most beautiful lots in all of Carmel Woods—no crowding of homes—beautiful trees, oaks and pines—sun all day long—quiet neighborhood, very convenient to town. We can secure an FHA loan for a new home on this lot for you. All utilities there including sewer connection. Restricted for homes—new attractive homes all around. A larger lot for less money. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or see ANY CARMEL BROKER. (7)

NEW TWO BEDROOM house with Central Heat and Two-car Garage. Close to Beach with unobstructed Ocean View. BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Dolores at 8th. Tel. 303. (7)

4 LOTS \$1000—Each lot 40 x 100 ft. located in a sunny desirable section of La Loma Terrace—Figure it out, these lots average \$250 each—they are the best buys in Carmel today. Ideal for small cottages, or would be fine for home with large grounds. Some terms can be arranged. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (7)

HOME BARGAINS—One in the Highlands with nearly 2 acres of ground, 3 bedrooms, stucco. Worth \$15000, can sell for much less, in fact any offer will be considered. The Other is a 3 bedroom Carmel Type cottage on North Dolores at 2nd Ave. with large lot 80 x 140 ft. \$4500 and on easy terms. These two properties are bargain buys. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (7)

3—REAL ESTATE FOR TRADE

TO EXCHANGE new two story Monterey style home in highly restricted district in Stockton. Over half acre land. Cost over \$12,000. Leased to excellent tenant for \$105 per month. Price \$10,000. New 4 1/2 per cent loan, \$6400. Want improved Peninsula property clear for equity. State full details in your letter. P. S. Bomberger, P. O. Box 1265, Carmel. (7)

34—PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

WANTED by couple. Small furnished house in early part of September. Permanent tenants. L-49, Cymbal office. (9)

Jack Jordan, son of John Jordan of Pine Inn, and a most active member of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department, was hurt while fighting the coast forest fire yesterday. Jordan, who was with two other Carmel firefighters, Stanley Clay and Albert Lockwood, fell while climbing the falls of the Little Sur. At the time the men were trying to find Joseph Calandra, who is believed hemmed in by the fire. Jordan is at the Peninsula Community Hospital with a dislocated shoulder.

Roseville will be the scene of the Placer County Fair and Rodeo August 25 to 27, reports the California State Automobile Association. A horse show each evening, a parade, and exhibits of varied county products will feature the event.

READ THE CLASSIFIED ADS THIS WEEK—YOU'LL BE SURPRISED.

13—ROOM AND BOARD

ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (tf)

14—ROOMS FOR RENT

LARGE SUNNY double or single bedroom 3 min. walk from beach. N. E. cor. Casanova and 13th. Tel. Carmel 94-W. (tf)

29—JOBS WANTED

IS YOUR DOG getting enough exercise during the quarantine? If not, call Carmel 702. Any time, any dog, any place south of Ocean Ave. (tf)

REFINED CHRISTIAN LADY, middle age, would like to be companion to lady. Prefers one who travels. Best of references. Write B. E. Weeks, 2526 San Jose Ave., Alameda, Calif. (tf)

LISTEN: If you want any ghost-writing done, or manuscripts made ready for the publisher, let MARJORIE WARREN do it for you. She needs to earn some extra money. (tf)

28—HELP WANTED

WANTED: GENERAL MAID for full or part-time work. Vicinity of Second and Dolores. Call 1026. (8)

17—FOR SALE

Household Goods  
TWO-PIECE LIVING ROOM suite \$20. Double springs and mattress \$10. V. D. GRAHAM Residence, Dolores bet. 1st and 2nd. (7)

Antiques  
CHINESE PRIEST ROBE 17th century. Exquisite Coalport China. Tel. 682-W. (tf)

24—LOST AND FOUND

MICKEY IS GONE. He's Rex Flaherty's straight-haired brindle Scotty. He was left in care of a family on The Point and he got lonesome and either strayed or was stolen. He wore a collar with brass knobs on it. Call Carmel 1359 if you see him. (7)

32—FOREIGN TRAVEL

TRAVEL, TOURS, and cruises to all parts of the world now being arranged by Carmel's new travel service. Alaska, Europe, Hongkong, South America—ANYWHERE. See accredited agent: J. F. Lays, care Carmel Investment Company, or telephone 63. (tf)

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## "Tarzan Finds a Son" Opens Sunday at Carmel Theatre for Three-Day Run



JOHNNY WEISSMULLER in "Tarzan Finds a Son"

A new Tarzan picture comes to the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, August 20, 21 and 22. "Tarzan Finds a Son" seems to flaunt a notable cast. Here they are: Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Sheffield, Ian Hunter, Henry Stephenson, Frieda Inescort and Henry Wilcoxon. Young Sheffield is M-G-M's new five-year-old discovery who is making his screen debut in this. Weissmuller, Sheffield, with Director Richard Thorpe and the company traveled to Crystal Springs, Florida, to film some of the most amazing underwater scenes

ever photographed in the clearest water in the world. Baby, a 16-month-old Indian elephant weighing 560 pounds and 3 feet 9 inches

## "Tatters" on Again This Week-End

Don't forget—this is a "Tatters" week-end! You'll drive over the hill to California's First Theater where Lola Montez once made strong men weep and tear their hair, and you'll enter that historic barroom, still redolent of hides and tallow days, prepare yourself for an experience. That is, if you're a shrewdie, you will. This applies, of course, to visitors and newcomers, because all of us have learned not to miss anything the Troupers of the Gold Coast choose to produce.

Last night marked the 29th performance of "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch." Del Page stepped into the part of Abe Wither-spoon, otherwise the cast is the same as in the last run.

Lots of new olio, though. Teddie Stanton, Blue Bell entertainer and a mighty cute little trick, is in it. The Hildebrand Sisters make every-

in height, makes her screen debut also. Nearly every species of wild animal extant in the African jungle was assembled for the story. More than 50 chimpanzees were tested to get ten sufficiently trained to play their important roles in the picture. It will be fun.

DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT presents

Troupers of the Gold Coast in  
**Tatters, Pet of Squatters' Gulch**  
With Hilarious Olio

TONIGHT, SAT., SUN., AUG. 18, 19, 20 at 8:45  
FIRST THEATER IN CALIFORNIA, MONTEREY

Tickets:  
\$1.10 and 50 cents  
On Sale at Staniford's, Carmel

one in the company pleased and happy, so you can imagine what they'll do to the audience. Carol Hildebrand will sing "No, No, a Thousand Times No!" and you'll adore it. Need I say more?

See "Tatters" tonight, tomorrow night or Sunday. The time is 8:40 p.m.

—M. W.

Antioch will be a center of inter-

est for four days commencing August 24 with presentation of the annual Contra Costa County Fair and Horse Show, reports the California State Automobile Association. Horse show performances will be presented Saturday and Sunday evenings, August 26 and 27. A parade commencing Sunday morning at 11 o'clock is another scheduled highlight.

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